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Attempts at Rhyming,

BY

AN OLD FIELD TEACHER.

NOBILITAS SOLA EST ATQUE UNICA VIRTUS.

Sat. Juv. viii. 20.

RALEIGH, N. C.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY THOMAS J. LEMAY.

1839.

North Carolina State Library

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COPY RIGHT SECURED.

TO THE HONORABLE WILLIAM GASTON,

Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina,

THESE ATTEMPTS AT RHYMING,

As a slight token of regard and esteem,

FOR HIS WORTH, LEARNING & LOVE OF LETTERS

are inscribed with permission,

BY HIS RESPECTFUL FRIEND:

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I have no inducement to publish these attempts, except the wishes of a few friends, and their gratification is the best recompense which I can expect for my labors. Written mostly under the painful pressure of adversity, they contributed not a little, to calm the sorrows of my mind and fill the vacancy of banished hopes. If they could divert for a moment the grief of others, similarly circumstanced, the wish of my heart would be fulfilled, and the height of my ambition attained: but to diffuse the smiles of benevolence over the features of suffering worth, is a happiness not given unto all.

Respecting the nature of this little work, I have not much to remark. Let the errors of these pages be attributed to their author; he has endeavored to follow the advice of Boileau,

“Que votre ame et vos mœurs, peintes dans vos ouvrages,
“N’offrent jamais de vous, que de nobles images.”

BOILEAU. ART. POET. CHANT. IV. 90.

And, whatever noble thoughts, or exalted sentiments, he may have expressed, he wishes to be assigned to the sources whence they were derived. “Men’s evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write on water.” If I have not flattered the frailties of human nature, it is because I would not ascend to fame by the paths of artifice, or descend to notoriety, by fawning on the footsteps of vice: and the modest worth and anassuming name of an Ichabod Crane, or a Domine Sampson, better become the simple pretensions of

AN OLD FIELD TEACHER.

Shocco Springs, N. Ca. }
September 3d, 1839 }

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page.</i>		<i>Page.</i>
Hermit of the Alps—			
Part I,	1	A Comparison,	98
II,	17	Lines on Woman,	99
III,	33	The Scrap Girl,	99
IV,	45	The Soliloquy of Cæ-	
Ode on the 4th of July,	61	lebs,	100
" " People of the Sea,	63	Stanzas,	100
" " Child of Poverty,	65	The Peri and the Rose	
The Promise of Abraham,	66	Bud,	102
The Sons of Loyola,	68	Where are the Patriots,	104
To a Nun,	69	To a young Poet,	104
The Vow,	72	To Lucy,	105
Stanzas,	73	The Wanderer,	106
On Chapel Hill,	73	On reading a Tragedy,	107
Despondency,	75	To Lucy,	108
The Fire Fly,	77	The Flower of Life,	110
To a consoling Friend,	79	A Poet's Excuse,	111
Female Influence,	79	A Poet to himself,	111
The Ruins of St. Albans,	81	Lily of the Valley,	112
To Miss J. M.	84	To Mary,	113
On Woman,	85	The Pages of Life,	114
To Adelaide,	87	To Edward on his birth	
The Soldier's Return,	88	Day,	117
The Song of Rebecca,	90	On Edward's Death,	119
To Agnes,	91	Edward's Epitaph,	120
To mine Island,	93	Little William's dead,	120
Mary's Lament,	95	Translations from the	
To Susan,	95	Italian,	121

The Hermit of the Alps,

A TALE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I.

Oh! he would rather houseless roam,
Where freedom and his God may lead,
Than be the sleekest slave at home,
That crouches to the conqueror's creed.
MOORE.

North Carolina
State Library.

The History of the Ship

A TALE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I.

Oh! he would rather purchase rest,
To have freedom and the God may test,
Than be the blackest slave at home,
That cringes to the conqueror's throne.
Moore.

THE HERMIT OF THE ALPS.

A TALE.

PART I.

Where the blue rolling Aar's torrent tide
Indents the rifted Schreckhorn's cragged side,
And leaping streams divide the dark pine wood,
A Hermit's hut in lonely rudeness stood.
The morn awoke and left her rosy bow'r,
Hailed the tall trees, and kissed each mountain flow'r.
With deepen'd glow the woods responsive gleamed;
The lovely cups of wanton flowers beamed
With velvet lips of blue, or gold, or ruby red,
As nature bless'd the children of her bed;
And far, between its emerald banks of green,
The river, like a silver path, was seen:
When the warm sun withdrew the modest clouds,
In which chaste night her silent concave shrouds.
The morning prayer and early matins o'er,
The pious man before his open door,
As wont, in adoration's holy mood,
Admiring God, in earth's creations, stood.
A small cascade of bright descending dew,
Fell mingling with the light of every hue,
Which softly parting like the ceaseless spray,
Gilded the waters, on their painted way.
Aloft, the Chamois sprang from rock to rock,
Along the woods on flew the mountain Cock.

The Eagle soared on high, thro' cloudless skies,
The boast of youth and vigor in his cries.
The nimble Squirrel on the pine tops play'd,
The Leveret on the lawn, her gambols made.
Above the cliffs, bounded the mountain Goats,
The forest minstrels raised their varied notes;
Deep on the ear, the soft-toned mellow bell
Of the herd's leader, toll'd a pleasing knell:
And while the herdsman's rude and native cry,
In floating echoes wildly seem'd to die,
The sweeter songstress of the rocky dell,
Enchants the passive air with tuneful spell.
The day's great ruler now with radiant light,
Breathed on the dew-drops of the tearful night,
Called up a misty dimness from the green,
And threw a veil of softness o'er the scene.
The 'rapt adorer saw and grateful smiled
In meditation holy, calm and mild;
His placid mind as even and serene,
As the still loveliness of that soothing scene.

But lovelier than these charms of vale or hill,
A maiden stranger bends to taste the rill.
Grace, in the softness of her looks was seen,
Exalted virtue and a modest mien:
Though slightly shaded by her blushing fears,
Her artless sorrows and her gushing tears.
Like sunbeams smiling thro' the wint'ry show'r,
Or green light piercing thro' the leafy bow'r,
Her hasty step and 'wildered cheek expressed
The timid boldness of a heart distressed.
Too coy to press, too firm to yield, she moved,
A suitor half rejected, half reproved.

And in the presence of the aged man,
Lowly her moving prayer she thus began:

“Father revered, with heavenly wisdom blessed,
“Hear one of womankind the most distressed;
“Well may I rue the hour of luckless birth,
“Oppressed with all the ills of all this earth.
“Unhappy me! I hither come to sue,
“Counsel and aid from thy profession due.
“My truth and innocence, just Heaven well knows,
“But sad and terrible my tale of woes.
“No friend, no refuge, now remains for me,
“No hope, save death, despair, and misery!
“The Dove has wings, the Hart and Roe have feet,
“To bear their terrors to some safe retreat;
“The Bee its sting, the Lamb and Kid have horns,
“For self defence, the Rose Bud too its thorns:
“But what have I to ward off evil harms,
“Save Heaven and virtues disregarded charms?
“Oh Father, do not turn thy child away;
“Or leave mine innocence to vice a prey.
“Distress and anguish make me here intrude,
“No willing guest upon thy solitude.”

At first the charming suppliant turn'd to brook
Repulse and steiness in the hermit's look.
For either dread of guile had caused alarm,
Or else he feared the power of beauty's charm.
But soon, the tempest of his spirit fled,
And sweetest kindness o'er his features spread.
Like the clear lamp of midnight's silent hour,
Beaming soft light on philomela's bow'r,
Whose melancholy strains make music wild,
Was the Hermit's smile on that guiltless child.

As, with a father's tenderness he spoke,
" Sweet maid, my feelings thou hast deeply woke.
" What made thee leave thy parent's sheltering roof,
" And thus expose thyself to rude reproof?
" Yet why, oh! why kind Providence accuse,
" His dispensations blame, his gifts abuse?
" Misfortunes, which the world calls woe,
" May be the richest boon God grants below
" To the loved children of his favorite care.
" The stepstones these to genuine virtue are.
" Whatever evils he inflicts in this,
" In the next world are changed to bliss.
" 'Talk not of luckless birth; nor call me blest;
" For none are truly so but souls at rest.
" In God's sweet confidence thy sorrows hush,
" Thy littleness of faith might make me blush.
" No arms for self-defence if woman wear,
" Remember she is God's peculiar care;
" He most delights to prove his mighty power
" In the frail woman and the frailer flower.
" But—welcome, child, here in my dwelling rest,
" Here calm the billows of thy troubled breast.
" Thy fainting spirits and thy strength repair,
" With my kind welcome and a hermit's fare.
" Then, seek the gentlest boon of bounteous Heaven;
" Repose to calm the mind was kindly given.
" Then would I listen to thy tender tale,
" And counsel what may best in need avail.
" But mainly be thy vows to him addressed,
" Whose arm has power to succor the distressed.
" Banish thy fears, confide, no foe is nigh,
" Repose thee here, in Heaven's all-seeing eye.

“ He feeds the sparrow, he protects the rose,
‘ And the sweet lily of the valley clothes.”

’Tis strange how small a drop of pity’s balm
Will ’suage affliction’s overweaning qualm:
And what a stillness one sweet kindred tear
Diffuses o’er the troubled waves of fear.
In calmness dies the mighty tempest’s power.
‘ How bright is the sunshine after the shower!’

The good man press’d her to his simple food,
Herbs, fruits, and bread in bowls of maple wood,
And eggs, and honey from the insects’ hoard,
And limpid water in the neat trimm’d gourd.
Kind words of comfort formed the light dessert,
And winning tales her sorrow to divert.
He cheered his guest, she dried her ebbing tears;
The smile upon her moistened cheek appears.

’Twas now a fitting time, the Hermit saw,
From the recruited stranger to withdraw.
“ My duty’s call prevents my longer stay,”
He said; “ when duty calls I must obey.
The setting sun shall see my prompt return,
To share thy sorrows and thy tale to learn.
Accept, meanwhile, my cottage for thy home,
Fear not, no daring foe will hither roam;
No wealth I own to tempt the spoiler’s hand;
No hunter treads this lonely, pathless land;
No foot, save thine, ere sought my deep retreat,
And Heaven directed thy unerring feet.
Then bid adieu to trouble and distress,
And steep thy cares in dumb forgetfulness.”

He left the maiden at his humble shed,
Then on his way with secret pleasure sped;

And as the road to Unterseen he trod,
Mused on the bounteous providence of God:
How each divided interest links the whole,
How virtue harmonizes with the soul,
How justice regulates the general weal;
And told his aves and his creeds with zeal.
For Fra' Gherardo had a mind endowed
With all the learning that the age allowed.
Long had he studied at scholastic lore,
And o'er the classic sages loved to pore.
But nature gave him wit and guiding sense,
And warmed his heart with her benevolence.
Full well the precepts of his God he knew.
His voice he heard, and from the world withdrew:
Nor e'er to life or luxury returned;
So strongly in his faithful bosom burned
The flame of holy love, which, beaming forth,
Oft urged his soul to deeds of real worth.
Frequent, in winter's storm, he rushed to save
Some heedless traveller from an icy grave,
When, heaped on high, the hills of fleecy snow
Roll down like mountains on the paths below;
And gather, as they go, the bulk and force
To crush woods, rocks and meadows in their course.
He sealed the fountains of domestic strife;
He won the prodigal to better life;
Or by the bed of wretchedness and grief,
Diffused the balmy sweetness of relief.
Such his delight, beloved by all around,
By all a bosom friend, a father found.
Unknown alike his parentage and name,
His pious actions were his only fame.

Yet envious tongues were found to hint a crime,
Committed by the man in youth's bold prime;
For most he loved to minister sweet peace,
To dying souls when struggling for release,
Or agonized with pangs of conscious guilt,
For deeds of horror and of blood ill spilt.
And now upon some enterprise of good,
He vanished swiftly through the dark green wood.

Bertha, the simple, unaffected maid,
Alone, within Gherardo's dwelling staid;
And laid her wearied limbs and anxious head
In resignation on the moss-strewn bed.
One fearful thought her cool reflection drew,
And fraught with danger, if it should be true.
For she remembered now, her nurse's tales,
(The nurse's tale upon the girl prevails,)
Of dark assassins wrapped in monk's attire,
Whose holy lips unholy thoughts inspire,
Whose meek and holy looks belie their heart,
Whose pious words are lengthened out with art,
Until the hospitable Baron sleeps—
To murder then the treacherous ruffian creeps,
With bloody stabs the friendly cheer repays,
And a rich treasure to his cave conveys:
Or of some female penitent beguiled,
And sily by the seeming friar wiled,
To some lone cavern far away from men,
Digg'd deep by bandits for their secret den;
Where, startled by the dagger brandished high,
She finds to save her honor she must die,
Cut off with all her sins upon her head,
To stand a trial which a saint would dread.

“What if Gherardo be a ruffian too!”
Thought she, “the leader of a robber-crew!
Perhaps he will return to murder me,
Where none shall ever hear, or ever see!
What if the wretches, worse than pangs of death
For foul designs prolong my dying breath,
And keep me here in guilt and burning shame,
To weep in infamy my ruined fame.
Oh God! how dreadful is that thought to one,
A woman, weak, abandoned and alone!
Have I for this relinquished all below,
All that I loved—and but—to perish so?
Oh that my Friedenfeld’s heroic hand
Were here, to save me from this wicked band!
Till I behold his noble features by,
Each moment of delay ’s eternity.
But—whither do my troubled senses run?
Gherardo’s fame declares him virtue’s son.
Safely thus far my God hath guided me:
Why should I doubt that God’s fidelity?
For I have kept his holy faith unstained,
His sacred love has in my bosom reigned,
I always sought to do his holy will,
My Lord, my Maker, oh protect me still!
“Ah! little did I think what ’t is to feel
Love’s burning longings and eternal zeal!
How sluggishly the aching moments gain
On the mad current of my troubled brain!
Vainly I quench the hope that still revives,
And multiplies its never dying lives;
Inly repining, feeds regret’s keen flame,
Then starts into the cheek the blush of shame.”

Oh! none but those who love can feign or know
Such tortured agony, such pining woe,
It feels as if the loving soul would melt
Into the lover's soul for whom 't is felt.
And burning with an ever quenchless rage,
'The heart's desire still fiercer fires assuage.

“ But, can this feeling of the heart be wrong,
Or should all love to God alone belong?
I cannot waste it on the common world,
'T is ever 'round the dear-loved image curl'd,
Where honor, virtue, worth and grace display
The harmony and beauty of each lovely trait.
I love my guardian, and I love my friends,
But no one's friendship ever thus my bosom rends.
This, by opposing impulse stronger grows,
By anguish nourished and increased by woes.
It dreams, but never sleeps, yet seeks for rest,
It pants, and heaves, and writhes the longing breast.
Once my young passions, and my thoughts were free;
They roamed at large on all mine eye could see.
Imprisoned now, and bound by love's strong chain,
The few that wander thence seem most in pain,
'Turning like sunflowers to their own bright urn,
For which their glowing petals bloom and burn.
No other impulse, Love, can dout thy lamp,
No! not despair with all its dread and damp:
No time, no strength can tear it from the soul.
Why then should nature b'ush at Love's control?
Is it because we tremble to reveal
A passion that another may not feel?
Or is it that a woman's weakness shrinks
To tell another what it feels and thinks?

How confident is mutual love when told!
Could evil make the human heart so bold?
The pure affections of our virgin youth
By conscience are approved, by bliss and truth.”
Meantime the balmy sweets of downy sleep
In silent calmness on her senses creep:
Then ’witching fancy waves her mimic wand,
The sportive figures rise at her command;
In radiant colors and in bright attire,
They dance, divide or join in scenic choir.
Now gay in clouds of bright effulgence lost,
Now darkly mingling in confusion tost.
All she had beautiful and lovely seen,
Were represented in one sunny scene
Of love and friendship, happiness and bliss,
Pleasures unseen in any world like this.
Banquets, with rosy flowers, in silver shine,
And golden goblets sparkle with rich wine.
In gushing rills the crystal fountain springs,
The cooling zephyrs fan their fragrant wings,
India’s rare gums their rich perfumes dispense,
Breathing sweet odors to regale the sense;
From golden harps harmonious numbers rise,
And angels swell the music of the skies.
Meantime the hero, whom her soul adores,
Words of more exquisite music pours.
’T is vanished!—cold and dank a chill succeeds,
Phantasms and spectres clad in bloody weeds,
And skeletons, where earth-worms crawl about;
Their lipless teeth, and eyeless sockets out,
That waked from coffins, in their clammy grasp,
Th’ affrighted maid with icy fingers clasp.

Her delicate and snowy bosom round,
Those chilly bones, like links of steel are wound.
Her cold limbs quiver, and her creeping flesh
Starts from the nerves to burst that iron mesh.
Horror!—she wakes—the pealing thunder roars,
The rattling hail, the rain in torrents pours,
Gleams the red lightning from the pitchy clouds,
And heaven's black canopy deep darkness shrouds.

A woman's weakness trembles in her tears;
Her mind's true force in peril's hour appears.
Bertha, in real and unreal woes,
Secure in innocence, her courage shows;
And firmly to the will of God resigned,
Dispels the visions of her ruffled mind;
And o'er the struggles of her timid soul,
She strives with fortitude to hold control.
Her resolution still remained her own,
And chained her weakness to her reason's throne.
The Zungfrau, thus, exalts her silver crown,
And smiles upon the storms that round her frown;
Undimm'd in all the lustre of her pride,
Whilst stormy tempests tear her rocky side.

The Hermit of the Alps,

A TALE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART II.

Far to the right, where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer Italy extends.

GOLDSMITH'S TRAVELLER.

222

A T A L I S

I N F O U R P A R T S

P A R T I I

Part II. The right, which Appointed
Right of the common body
Cathedral's Cathedral

P A R T II.

The beams of light in their effulgent urn,
 With noontide power and radiant glory burn,
 And shed their gladness on the mountain's head,
 The shady forest's bower, and river's rocky bed.
 The winding lake its crystal bosom shows,
 As bright as blue Heaven above it glows,
 Spreading its waters like a mirror there,
 To mark the calmness of the stilly air.
 No sighing leaf the breath of zephyr waves,
 The pebbly beach no rippling billow laves,
 Nor is a wrinkle on the water spread,
 All is so motionless, so hushed and dead;
 While the fair features of the landscape near,
 Like varied fringework 'round the lake appear,
 Reflected on the margin clear and bright,
 In all the tempered dies of shade and light.
 Yet nature seems to dread the coming storm,
 With passive awe impressed upon her form.
 While Fra' Gherardo thro' the valley past,
 And from the boding danger hurried fast.
 At first he saw the gathering darkness rise,
 With serried clouds, to veil the frowning skies,
 Then anxious hastened on his homeward track:
 But the tempest pursued on wings of black.
 Oft from the bosom of the dark mass came

Bursts of the living lightning's lurid flame.
And quick successive to the sulphurous flash,
Was heard, the loud reverberating crash
Of thunder, leaping down from hill to hill;
It pauses—for a moment all is still:
Then a new flood of fire is seen to break,
And sweep the ether with a blazing wake:
Anew the echoing thunder's deepened roar
Groaned, crashed, and bellowed more and more.
The terrible tornado's howling moan
Roll'd on, and almost drown'd the thunders tone,
And as the whirlwind o'er the pine wood past,
The stately trees bowed down before the blast,
Their trunks are torn from earth, like broken reeds,
Trees upon trees are piled, like trampled weeds.
Shrubs, vineyards, houses and the waving grain,
Are tost and scattered by the hurricane.
The rattling of the hail and sleet and rain,
Bursts like a deluge on the ravaged plain.
The raging torrents, down the mountains pour,
And chafe and foam the precipices o'er.
Now, from the skies the awful levin broke,
And hurled its vengeance on the sturdy oak.
Headlong with all its leafy honors reft,
Cracked, scorched, in thousand splinters cleft.
Dispersed and drifted o'er the blackened sod,
It falls, all blasted by the fire of God.
Wide spreads the desolation to the view,
Illumined by the sheet of living blue,
That, broad o'er the canopy of Heav'n breaks,
And glitters on the Screekhorn's craggy peaks.
Then came a pause of murkiness and gloom—

The thunder sunk into the earth's dread tomb—
The muttering echo hushed—the storm is still,
What shriek is that so piercing, wild and shrill?—
It startled e'en Gherardo's placid ear,
And well nigh made his stout heart quail with fear.
He stood unmoved—and felt no war within,
Amid the tempest's elemental din.
Or if an anxious thought his bosom swayed,
'Twas apprehension for the stranger maid.
Thus the bold stag, with stately antlers crown'd,
Whom horns and hounds and hunters bay around,
Safe on some lofty brow among the clouds,
Looks fearless down upon the panting crowds.
That shriek! swift as an eagle's headlong swoop,
That down the skies upon his prey would stoop:
Rushed the good hermit to the spot, whence sprang
The cry, that in his ears still tingling rang.
There lay the victims of the thunder stroke,
Mixed with the fragments of the shivered oak.
One stiff and cold within the grasp of death,
The other struggling with convulsive breath.
Their glittering weapons near their owners lay,
The tell-tales of some deadly feud that day.
The bloody stains upon their hands and dress,
Confirmed the tokens of their wrathfulness.
One shining blade, far from its widowed sheath,
Was scorched and melted by the lightning's breath.
Its owner lifeless, stretched on earth's cold bed,
Bore the blanched honors of an aged head.
Stern were his looks, and lofty once his brow,
But grim and terrible their blackness now.
Viewing his features with observant eye,

The hermit judged his lineage must be high.
He raised the other's young and slender frame,
Whose speech, returning with his spir't came.
His troubled pulse with stronger current beat,
When the stunned youth regained his tottering feet.
Abashed he stood, astonished and confused,
The blush of shame his countenance suffused.
But when the life-tide to his breast returned,
Deep indignation in his eye-balls burned;
And all the courage of the hero rushed
To those expressive features, that had blushed.
"The awful edge of Heaven's avenging fire
Hath come between my father and his ire,"
He said, and from his stern-prest lips awoke,
Belief, that truth and honor in them spoke.
"This hand was never raised to punish sin,
But self-defence and justice own no kin.
Behold where prostrate lies my own dear sire,
Frustrate his naked steel and fell desire.
He crossed me in my first love's virtuous vow:
He thwarted Heaven, and Heaven hath laid him low!
His child he might have slain; but God forgive
That evil deed, and grant he yet may live!"
Much time, his life they labored to recall.—
He never rose from that disastrous fall.
They left the blackened corpse upon the spot,
Not that the rites of burial were forgot;
Religiously to mingle clay with clay,
Must be the duty of another day.
Gherardo, as they sought for shelter near,
'Touched on the stranger's fortune with a tear,
Anxious to heal, tho' not to probe the wound,

He only wished the remedy were found.
And heard with interest, and kind intent,
The youth was virtuous, and of high descent.
“My father’s fame and wealth,” he said, “are great;
From Frauenbrunnen came his name and state.
His early years he spent in gay Milan,
To learn the arts and sciences of man.
The lady, whom he wooed and wedded here,
Was of a noble family, and fair.
But soon consumption preyed upon her frame;
Slowly she pined till dissolution came;
Then left me motherless, an only son,
To comfort my poor father, who is gone—
An orphan girl, that he in kindness reared,
To my confiding bosom grew endeared.
Her unprotected and abandoned state,
Was a strong motive to secure my fate.
Her unknown parents were by robbers slain;
And our inquiries have been made in vain.
My happiness on her’s was strongly bent;
I won her heart’s affection and consent.
Then asked my father’s leave to join our bliss;
He swore it never should exist with his,
And that the maiden instantly should leave
The idle faith, which Romanist’s believe.
Now, he had taught her to profess in youth,
The Bible, as the only guide of truth;
But priests and gossips had possessed her mind,
With legends, miracles and visions blind,
That filled her simple heart with idol’s love,
Condemned and hated by the God above.
My father told her that she must obey.

Renounce my hand, and leave her erring way;
Th' unwilling maiden to her room confined,
Would never yield or change her stedfast mind.
She soon escaped, and fled my father's home,
And in these mountains is supposed to roam.
This rumor brought me hither, to pursue
The fugitive. It brought my father too.
He came with wrath and madness on his brow
To do—a deed that heaven has hindered now.
Unhappy man! his rage o'erpowered his breast
I sought the maid and on my steps he press'd—
'Tis true, he led a melancholy life,
In seeming sorrow for his cherished wife.
Silence and gloom were ever wont to brood,
Darkly and sadly in his solitary mood.
And never were his features known to smile,
Upon a mother's fondness, or an infant's wile.
His look was rigid and his words were stern,
As if he loved this fleeting world to spurn:
Like our own Calvin or Melancthon given,
To meditate on holiness and heaven."
"Forbear, my friend," the hermit uttered here;
"Forbear to wound an old man's pious ear,
Who still believes the good old Roman creed;
And rather for his faith would nobly bleed,
Than from the church with gospellers recede.
But see! my brother hermit's home is nigh,
With him this night in safety thou may'st lie—
He will admit thee with a brother's care,
His frugal meal, his bed and blessing share.
To him, this message give, and thou shalt thrive:
Keep watch, to night the Bear will rob the hive."

He will the corpse this evening hither bring,
Bathe it with water from the crystal spring,
Enfold it in a decent winding sheet,
And lay it on a bier at his retreat.
Another's bleeding wounds I still must weep,
Ere I resign my wearied limbs to sleep.
To-morrow, at the break of early dawn,
Myself will meet thee on this mountain lawn.
Strange truths these aged lips shall then unseal,
And I mine hidden secret will reveal:
Its interest deeply will thy bosom move:
And show thee the sad error of thy love,
Then too we weep thy father's earthly doom,
Consigning all his frailties to the tomb,
(Banish meanwhile thy sorrow's useless gloom.)
Would I had healed his spirit as it flit,
His doom is come, the hermit must submit!
For when mankind shall reckon with their dust,
The God of mercy will be found all just.
Heaven gives thee comfort at a hermit's door.
Thy toils and troubles for this day are o'er.
Gherardo pointed to Anselmo's grot,
And swiftly hastened from that well-known spot.
The path led up a bold and wandering brook,
To the bosom of a deep sequestered nook.
A small and shelving platform hung aloft,
Spread with a native carpet green and soft,
Where the thin trees and shrubs, at random strewn,
Made that desolate place more wild and lone.
Beneath their slender, but refreshing shade,
Anselmo's neat and pleasant grot was made.
Its masonry was neither rough nor rude,
With patient hand and skilful labor hewed,

From out that mountain's bright and tender stone,
All by the strokes of one man's chissel done.
There was a chapel, hall, and chambers grouped,
With passages and steps and windows scooped.
The smooth and upright rock's projecting side,
The artist, with an even front supplied.
In which the entrances and casements placed,
By the drapery of some vines were graced.
The small and narrow space of level ground
Formed with sweet herbs and flowers a garden 'round,
Where climbing vines, on poles and rockwork hung,
Their rich festoons with purple clusters strung—
And many a cooling summer seat was there,
For meditation meet, and holy prayer.
Caspar, for such the name the young man bore,
Approached with confidence Anselmo's door.
Anselmo was a man of middle life,
Active and vigorous, and inured to strife,
The hardy offspring of a warlike soil:
His youth and manhood had been spent in toil:
His temper open, generous and frank,
His dress and manners suited to his rank.
With kindly welcome he received his guest;
And cheerfully complied with his request.
He brought the body from that fatal spot,
And laid it in the chapel at his grot.
With kind observance on his guest attends,
And seemed as free as with his oldest friends.
To him no tender solace was unknown,
Mingling the stranger's sorrow with his own:
He told kind tales, his burden to relieve;
The sprightly moments left no space to grieve.

The wounded bosom none could better heal,
For none could gayer seem or deeper feel.
The comfortable meal he next prepares,
And with his guest in jovial gladness shares.
Then warmed his spirits with the joys of wine,
And turned the stranger's thoughts to things divine.
Discoursed, how cheerful, natural and kind,
Is true religion to the candid mind.
How over stiff, severe and senseless rules,
Harrow up all the miseries of fools.
How reason and religion teach the same;
That God is good, and man alone to blame.
To change that subject, and to pass the time,
Again he travelled from his native clime.
It was Milan, he said, that gave him birth:
The fairest spot of all this lovely earth.
And there too, was his noble master born,
His servant he had been thro' joy and scorn;
Great were his riches, dignity and state:
But greatness is sometimes unfortunate.
For rivals practised on his spotless name,
Betrayed his confidence, traduced his fame,
Then feign'd a wicked tale against his wife,
And hired assassins to attempt his life.
He left his home, that he might shun their wrath
By travel, but his foes pursued his path,
With robbers leagued, and lurked in wait,
To quench in blood and death, their thirsting hate.
He journey'd with the partner of his loves,
Along the blue Ticino's chestnut groves.
There, where the blooming charms of hill and dale,
Diffuse their fragrance on the healthful gale:

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Where the ripe honors of the fruitful plains
Reward the labors of the toiling swains.
Lago Maggiore's lovely banks they tread,
Whose isles of beauty on its crystal bed,
Like heavenly palaces rise light and fair,
Or images of bliss erected there.
The pomegranate and orange scented grove,
Whose cooling freshness whisper tales of love,
The terraced garden's castellated pride,
Paint their own richness on the verdant tide
Afar, the misty mountains clad in brown,
The ruddy flowers and heather on their crown;
And all around the lowly hills between,
The shining towers and pinnacles are seen.
Onward, they passed where towering Alps arise,
And swell majestic to the lofty skies,
Crested with tapering spires and citadels,
And snow-capped crags and giant icicles.
Where soar the Eagle and the Lammergeier,
The rock goats wander, and the hunter's fear,
With steps unsteady and thro' paths obscure,
O'er steeps, and rocks, o'er snow and ice unsure,
O'er precipices, where the sight grows dim,
As the diminished objects seem to swim.
And here the torrent's raging waters roar,
As down the dark and dismal clefts they pour,
Beneath proud arches and high hanging shelves,
'That bridge the chasms, which the snow flood delves.
Majestic cataracts of waters here,
Impress beholders with surprise and fear.
There, bright cascades descend in silver sheets,
One turns to foam upon the ledge it meets,

Another falls diverging into threads,
And there the variegated rainbow spreads,
Or disappearing as the drops grow less,
Stoops from on high to misty nothingness.
But when they gained the topmost Alpine height,
There lay the clouds of heaven beneath their sight,
Folding their mantles o'er the midway cliffs,
Or sailing thro' the skies like fleecy skiffs,
And oh! what glories in that splendid view,
Arose to sight, when those bright clouds withdrew!
O'er Italy as far as eye could ken,
Extended lay, the haunts of busy men.
'Towns, churches, villages and cities bright,
Sparkling like diamonds in the sun's clear light.
'The liquid lustre of the pearly lakes,
Tinted with rosy light when morning wakes,
'The ruby blossomed heath, the golden corn,
The pale green of the meadows newly shorn,
The vineyards, woods and tufted groves between,
Glowing like emeralds on the painted scene,
'The rills like silver tracery spread,
Uniting all their streams in one bright bed,
'The distant Appenines that crown the view,
Fringing the horizon with a lovely blue;
Where, nature seemed in frolic to have cast
Her rich embroidered mantle as she past.
In front, the hardy Switzer's rugged lands,
Constructed boldly by Almighty hands.
Where rocks and precipices piled on high,
Leaping like giants to the lofty sky,
In naked majesty sublimely frowned,
Upon the shaggy pines that girt them round;

Or bound eternal in their chains of snow,
Lessened the little specks of verdure down below
Where, many a village like an Eagle's nest,
Is cradled on the shelving mountain's breast.
And lower down sink vales and narrow glades,
Most times enshrouded deep in midday shades.
Here, ponderous masses, cones and pyramids,
Rear to the cope of Heaven their piercing heads.
There, others in a huge and lengthy ridge,
Extend like ruins of some shattered bridge,
Spanning ere while a monstrous gulph profound,
Now burst asunder with a mighty bound;
And here and there, a vast enormous block
Is hurl'd disjointed by some earthquake shock.
To reap the blessings of so scant a soil,
The honest peasant strives with urgent toil,
And simply happy, little prizes wealth,
Unless it leave him labor, joy and health.
Contented with his creed he duly tells,
His beads, when sound the ave-mary-bells.

In stern defiance of the biting cold,
Saint Bernard's monks the topmost summit hold.
The noble hearted, hospitable, brave,
And cheerful Brotherhood, delight to save
The erring stranger, who bewildered here
In dreary darkness, pathless snow and fear,
Oft wanders, till he sleep with frozen breath,
Chained in the icy arms of wintry death.
The slumbering sufferers they oft revive,
Digg'd from their snowy sepulchres alive.
Traced by the generous mastiffs that they rear,
As helpmates in their perilous career.

Truly the creatures of this cherished breed,
Are the most faithful friends of man in need.
Forth with refreshments 'round their necks they stalk,
The guards and partners of their master's walk.

He ceased, and to their chambers both retired,
To take the needful rest which both desired.
But peaceful sleep, that night, no blessing shed,
On Caspar, or Anselmo's anxious head.

Anselmo hears a panting messenger arrive;
"Keep watch! to-night the bear will rob the hive,"
Were the few words that messenger had brought,
Rinaldo's words, with fear and peril fraught.

Words, which the cautious Caspar had not borne,
Thinking, perchance, it might his cause o'erturn.

Anselmo first approached the sleeper's bed,
But found no Caspar there, the bird had fled.

He snatched his Bugle, on the platform sprung:
The echoing valleys to the clear notes rung,

Swift at the sound, from out the cavern's womb,
Like the earth's dead awakening from the tomb,
A host of bandits started forth in arms.

One voice commands them, and one spirit warms.

Stout, brave and firm to conquer or to die,

That instant, at their leader's beck or cry.

"Comrades," he cried, "to night our hands we bend

Our captain, lives and fortunes to defend,

The Bernese gossellers are here again,

Brothers be brave, and show that you are men!

Mark! 'Twas a signal light—oh! God, that glare!

On, on my braves: down with the tyrant Bear!"

THE HERMIT OF THE ALPS.

A TALE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART III.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour.

BURNS.

The History of the Ship.

A TALE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART III.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the fleet of battle join.
Thence.

THE HERMIT OF THE ALPS.

PART III.

Alone, beneath the purple clustered vine,
Whose lovely tendrils o'er the cottage twine,
The tender foliage into cooling shade,
At set of sun, reclined the pensive maid;
And marked, that gloomy tempest o'er,
What tranquilizing stillness evening wore.
And musing as the feeble light grew less,
The drooping rose of that fair wilderness,
She formed a melancholy reverie,
Of what had been, and what she wished to be.
To calm and holy thoughts resigned,
She framed harmonious to her Maker's mind
Firm resolutions, to exert control
Over the weakness of her timid soul.
Whatever good he sends, whatever ill,
Confirms her confidence in his sweet will.
Nobly to take him as her only guide,
To be a mortal or immortal bride.
Firm as the mariner on sinking deck,
Whose vessel sternly rides the waves to wreck;
Or patient, as the lamb beneath the knife,
That licks the cruel hand which takes its life.
When Fra' Gherardo on her silence broke,
And kindly of her promised story spoke.
"Excuse, fair maid, my unintended stay,

The call of duty stopped me on my way,
And checked mine own benevolent concern
For thee, which sooner urged a prompt return.
I long to learn, and far more long to end,
The poignant sorrows that thy bosom rend.
By love to God, benevolence to man,
We gather all the merit that we can.
The heart's attachment and the lover's vow,
Impress no stain upon the candid brow."
By truth and candor our affections rise;
And mutual love exalts us to the skies.
The links of love are worth and self respect,
And mutual pleasures make the chain connect.
As fruits by nature nourish us, and charm,
But when abused bring surfeiting and harm:
So all our passions virtue may refine,
The heart that's pure makes earthly love divine.
But selfishness degrades to brutal lust
The noblest thought that animates our dust.
Each human passion if correctly used
Is good, and vicious only when abused.
Our God is not the author of our ill,
It is the creature of perverted wil.
If virtue is, its contrary must be
The child of our licentious liberty.
Thus light of darkness and the sun of shade,
Th' existing cause and origin is made.
Th' indulgent parent who is over fond,
Oft breaks the tender heart that may despond.
Ill brooks its temper disappointed ties,
Grown sick of life it pines, and dies,
Or if it chance survive the thrilling shock,

Claims kindred with the senseless rock,
Or quenches its once elevated fires,
In the base sink of low desires.
Suspected confidence begets mistrust;
And heart betray'd are ruined by disgust.
Crushed feeling chills the finer mind to stone
But tutors vice to conquer virtue's throne.
Least will the soul of finest tissue bear,
As the slenderest lace will soonest tear.
Let rigid bigots in their penance blame,
The heart's creation—nature's purest flame,
And change her lovely smiles to frowns morose;
A christian's pious thoughts are not so gross.
'Tis genial love, and love alone can bind
The social union among human kind.
No other power, on earth, can tame so well
The fitful passions' fierce and savage swell.
Religion seated on her sapphire throne,
Avows the sweet emotions are her own,
Angels and Seraphim and saints above,
Are burning witnesses that God is love."

Here BIRTHA seated by the old man's side,
In her simplicity these words replied:
"An orphan I by unknown parents left,
Of every friend but God and you bereft,
I passed at home my days of early youth,
In striving to obey the church of truth,
Beneath a friendly Baron's guardian power;
And lived in peace until this fatal hour,
When he desired that I would change my creed.
Vain were my prayers and tears in this sad need,
He vowed the worst of vengeance on my head,

If I persisted to be thus misled.
The Baron and his son avowed their hate
Against the Pope, and sided with the State.
What could I for the Baron's wishes plead?
I loved another, and I loved my creed.
I knew your virtues, and your goodness well,
And thought to find a refuge in your cell.
But, what I fear you never will approve,
I sent a letter to the one I love.
Intreating that he instantly repair,
To meet me here; so counselled my despair.
On whom could orphaned innocence depend,
Except her lover and her faithful friend?
I fled my patron's home, and hither came,
Ah! too regardless of endangered fame!
Pardon the error of this breaking heart,
It never knew the cold reserve of art.
Preserve my innocence, my true belief.
You know how sweet it is to grant relief!"

Tears on her eyelids, for this guiltless deed,
Glistened like dew drops on the silver weed.
And gently falling on the Hermit's hand
Resistless pleaded what her looks demand:
How beautiful is nature's eloquence
That speaks for virtue to benevolence!
There was a soothing in that voice and tone;
So like the melody his ear had known
Of one, whose music and whose love had given
His youth a happiness like bliss from Heaven.
The old man wept—then paused awhile to feel
The meek emotions o'er his senses steal,
And said "thy simpleness and candor child

Have e'en a Hermit of his tears beguiled
And see! I weep—who never wept before
Since that sad time—but I must weep no more.
Yes! the long day its course has well nigh run,
And we must hence, before to-morrow's sun,
The furious ministers of zeal and wrath,
Will trample on this unfrequented path.
These peaceful woods will hear the battle din,
The clash of armour, and the oath of sin.
Start not! but hide this dagger in thy dress,
And if thy virtue tremble take redress—
Mercy in peace a woman's softness decks,
Firmness in peril elevates the sex!
Should Heaven reward me with the crown of death,
Oh! consecrate to God thy latest breath.
Thine innocence his mighty arm will claim,
Oh! thou hast nothing done to merit blame.
Come soothe thy bosom, and compose thy tears,
None but the guilty conscience ever fears.
Let no deceit thy firm belief pervert.
Remember maiden—God will not desert
His own, the true believer may not fall,
The God of Bertha will protect us all!"

The good man paused, to print the sacred seal
Of vesper song, upon his earnest zeal,
The willing maiden joined her heart and voice,
That saints in bliss and angels might rejoice.
The chapel hollowed from the living stone,
The altar where the lighted tapers shone.
On high the burning lamp of silver hung,
The fragrant breath the fuming censor flung,
The solemn stillness of that awful place,

Which God's sweet majesty had deign'd to grace,
And the great book of truth, invite the pair,
To mingle their pure vows in humble prayer.

This homage paid, they hasten to recruit
Nature's exhausted strength with bread and fruit.
These simple foods their present wants suffice,
And Fra' Cherardo added mild advice:

"Dwell not upon the past, but banish fear,
'Tis innocence that makes the mind's best cheer.
Where 'er she shows the splendor of her light,
The dazzled vices vanish from the sight.
Guilt is a monster of revolting mien,
That cramps the courage of the soul, when seen."

The rose on Bertha's cheek turns deadly pale,
Her features quiver, and her glances quail.
The watchful hermit marks her color fly,
A fierce intruder met his vivid eye:

A cold and 'numbing chill of terror sank
One moment on the man,—then free and frank,
He starts afoot—his keen eye flashes fire,
Fierce as the maddened lion in his ire—

"Submit thee to the State," that stranger said,
"By order I arrest thee and that maid."

"No, never!" was Gherardo's stern reply,
"Thee and thy State and death I here defy!"

Too well the errand of his foe he guessed,
Tho' disappointed hope his soul oppressed.

The cowl and cassock on the pavement lie,
The long concealed weapon gleams on high,
Descends upon the foe with burning wound,
And hurls him prostrate to the ground.

One vigorous arm grasps on the maiden's hand,

The other whirls aloft the shining brand,
'Tis vain to fly—for swords in thick array,
Soon hedge him in with death and bar the way.
The foemen thro' the broken casement dash:
And twenty sabres round his temple flash:
In vain—the warrior Hermit stands at bay.
“'Tis madness to provoke the desperate fray.
Stand and surrender, yield thee to my hand.”
Exclaimed another leader of the band,
“Curse on the monk, our noble captain's slain.
But the false harlot and the beast are ta'en.
Seize him, before the popish wizzard slips,
Or stop the falsehood of his damned lips.
Go, tear his leman from the monk's embrace,
So foul a thing to have so fair a face.”

Back to the chapel Fra' Gherardo trod,
And bore the maiden to the arms of God.
She sank with a faint and despairing moan,
A spotless lily on the altar stone.
Lifted her eyes and passive hands on high,
With imploring look and impassioned sigh,
And mutely to the God of battle prayed,
Whose arm may give the feeble woman aid.
With sword in hand, and face against the foe,
Undaunted, stern and resolute tho' slow,
Gherardo, at the Chapel-entrance stood,
Like the dying lion in his sullen mood,
When ebbing strength decays, and life-blood flows;
He warded off with skill their heavy blows;
And the stout courage of the foremost broke,
With many a wound, and thrust, and well aimed
stroke.

His prowess, and the keenness of his blade,
Two other victims on the pavement laid,
Not one of all that chosen Bernese band,
Against the vigor of his arm could stand:
'Tho' all together at the passage thrust,
'They could not bear the hero to the dust.
The old man fought, altho' they wounded him,
With blood and dust and desperation grim,
Until the baffled miscreants, with a scoff,
Stood back retired, and drew their comrades off.
"Yield thee," they shouted, ere we make thy cell
Hotter than all the burning pools of hell,"
Alas! why breaks that blaze of ruddy light!
'Tis not the friendly moon that beams so bright!
No! 'tis the cottage roof that caught the blaze,
And spreads to the skies that luminous haze.
The flames glare upward in a fiery flood,
And the dark pine woods are red like blood.
Now far and wide, the thatch in sparkles cast,
Is scattered by the burning and the blast.
And smoke and damp and smouldering heat,
The prisoners bathe in suffocating sweat,
And ashes, sparks and blazing fragments fell,
Upon the altar in the inner cell.
Without the armed soldiers thronged the door,
And hopes last farewell ray now gleamed no more,
Upon the victims of that burning tomb,
Buried with horror, bloodshed, death and gloom.
How strangely human pulses throb and ebb,
When the fates sever the quivering web!
If sudden hope hurries the gurgling blood,
Or cold qualms clog the flow of the slow blood.

Thus Bertha on the waves of life and death,
Trembled and floated like the bugle's breath,
Which pealing on the ear with thrilling sound,
Startled the hills and made their echoes bound;
But whether that bugle told joy or woe,
Save the silent Gherardo, none could know.

"Bertha," he cried, "oh hear those joyous notes,
Their sound on my soul like jubilee floats.
Cheer, thee my child, for the God of the brave,
Arms us with courage to conquer and save."
And though he suffer the just man to bleed,
He succors his servant in time of need.
Humbly confide, and kiss his holy will,
The God of Bertha will protect us still."

A sullen tramp like that of armed men,
Still growing clearer up the hollow glen,
And mingling often with the ringing sound,
Of arms and armor on the rocky ground,
As the quick footsteps of the wearers neared,
In silence fearfully, was clearly heard.
Then burst the clamor of the fierce attack,
The ring of helmets, and the sabre's hack,
The meeting of the swords, with jar and clash,
The falling of the slain, their armor's crash,
The sounds of death, where groans and curses meet,
The bloody splash, the trampling of the feet,
The panting struggle and the din and shout,
And dreadful riot of the battle rout.

Gherardo, while the combat rages high,
Now hears a sullen and a desperate cry,
"In—In—and take the monk and girl away,
The Bandits shall not rob us of our prey."

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Full twenty Bernese to the doorway fly,
Resolved to seize Gherardo or to die.
The old man sternly wields his weapon still,
Tho' tired nature could support him ill.
'Tis but one moment, and one struggle more,
The rescue and defence are at the door.
The fallen captain, while the combat glows,
Recovers from apparent death's repose,
Drags his slow body where Gherardo stands,
Gets on one knee and grasps with both his hands
The fatal dagger, and it glitters high,
In act to strike—It caught the maiden's eye.
Instant she rushed with naked dagger too,
To foil the blow—What features met her view—
Down fell the dagger from her fingers dropt,
As if the hand that held it had been lopt
By keenest blade—she shrieked out "Friedenfeld."
And her own Lover to her bosom held.
Gherardo heard the keen and thrilling cry,
Mingled with the glad shout of victory;
And spent with wounds 'mid friends and foemen fell,
Victor or vanquished, he could little tell.

The Hermit of the Alps,

A TALE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART IV.

I do believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.

SHAKS. Hamlet III, 2

THE HERMIT OF THE ALPS.

PART IV.

Beneath the silver moonbeam's silent eye,
That view'd with peerless light the tranquil sky,
The mellow landscape and the morning ray,
Gherardo, Friedenfeld and Bertha lay,
Breathing the freshness of the dewy air,
Where the green sward had spread its silken hair,
And the pine tree waved its sighing head,
In lamentation o'er the newly dead.
Not far, the wreathing smoke and glowing spark,
The smouldering ruins of the cottage mark.
Anselmo and the bandits gathered 'round,
To close the eye or heal the bleeding wound,
Where, the pale victims of that night's emprise,
Looked languid'y for comfort to the skies.
Beautiful and still as the ocean's face.
Where tempests gone, imprint that soothing grace
Which settled skies o'er troubled waters make,
As wearied waves in dying ripples break,
Lulling the torture of the agoniz'd deep,
To sullen calmness and motionless sleep:
Such grief and joy, fierce wrath and love between,
The aspect of that passion quelling scene.
Bertha, whose kind and hope-inspiring look,
All sense of anguish from her lover took,
The sympathies of joy, and glad surprise,
Beaming with love and pity in her eyes,

Was seated by his side, and held his head
Reclining on her tender bosom's bed.
And not unlike, as o'er her frame she lean't,
A weeping willow o'er a fallen oak bent;
"Why did I send," she said, "that rash request?
The fault was mine, on me the guilt must rest.
Oh! had I never fled my patron's home,
Then none of all these miseries had come!
Ah me! 'tis I alone that am to blame,
These wounds and woes, upbraid me with their sham.
Oh speak, oh! Friedenfeld, to Bertha speak;
Or are thy dying breath and lips too weak?"
"Is that her voice, is that my Bertha near,
Or angel whispering comfort to mine ear?"
At length the wounded Friedenfeld replied:
What makes you here, or why was I denied
The secret of your ill concealed flight?
Am I unworthy to behold your sight?"
"Forgive me, Friedenfeld;" rejoined the maid,
"Love for your sake alone my bosom sway'd:
I fled my home, lest Caspar should succeed,
Or rob me of my liberty and creed.
The token that I sent, was not received;
Arnold, perhaps, my confidence deceived:—
Could he be guilty of so base a thing?
He had my letter and my signet ring:
The letter's purport, and my wishes were,
That you should hasten to protect me here.
You cannot harbor thoughts unkind, oh! live,
Thy wretched Bertha and her love forgive!
Alas! the good old man is gone, I fear,
His limbs extended on the earth's cold bier,

'The pallid hue upon his blood stained cheek,
Are other reasons why this heart should break,
Oh speak him kindly, Friedenfeld, and feel
How sweet it is discordant hearts to heal.
No purer breath in nobler bosom heaves,
None more benevolent for brother grieves,
No better friend has Bertha ever known,
No other Father can she call her own.—
How fares my Father, past this dreadful strife,
Does Heaven still bless us and preserve his life,
Or does eternal justice so dispose,
That Fra' Gherardo's glory crown his woes?
Oh grant thy helpless child her simple prayer,
Rob not the orphan of an old man's care.'"
"Come hither, child, and bring thy Friedenfeld,
Much would I say that has been long withheld:
But leaden clouds my failing senses press,
To steep in this cold world's forgetfulness,
When all my earthly debts are duly paid,
My spirit will repose in death's kind shade.
Bertha, a draught to cool my parch'd lips bring,
A Father's last request, from yonder spring.
I feel my stream of life is ebbing fast,—
'Tell me, Anselmo, how the combat past;
Are any of our friends or brave men slain,
Does any Bernese in thy power remain?'"
Anselmo, leaning on his trusty blade,
This prompt reply, in gentle accents made.
"Rinaldo, and his brave men stand around.
All here, and safe except some trifling wound.
Stoutly they met the battle's fiery brunt,
They fought and conquered as they bravely wont.

And have, what noble hearts could do, repaid
The horrid outrage of De Blutgeld's blade.
The Bernese band of veterans, bold and rough,
Obeyed a Hauptman of the sternest stuff.
Slain by your hand, his breathless carcase lies,
His fierceness living in his savage eyes:
Six others met their death in fatal fight;
One coward slave is prisoner to night.
And Caspar, whom we rightly judged a spy,
Is yonder, struggling in his agony.”
Bertha, no sooner heard the traitor's fate,
Than pity moved her to forgive his hate,
His counterfeited love, and base deceit.
To staunch his blood, to dry his guilty tears,
And soothe his pangs—the lovely girl appears.

They brought him gently, where Gherardo lay,
To shrive his spirit ere it left its clay.
The noble Hermit, and the pleading maid,
Softness and age, their eloquence assay'd
To reconcile his spirit with his God—
The Gospeller, was listless as the clod—
Yet Bertha's tears and tenderness unbent
Somewhat, the firmness of his stern intent,
And melted by her mute and feeling prayer,
He wept, obdurate man! and felt despair.—
How could he wrong that kind and gentle maid!
A guilty horror on his conscience weighed,
Then casting a bewildered look around,
He saw th' accomplice of his treachery bound,
And heard him, to Gherardo thus declare,
“My name is Arnold, father, and I share
The trust of Bertha and my Baron's heir.

'Tis true I acted with a traitor's art,
But secret perils I can still impart.
Oh! spare my forfeit life and I will tell
What much concerns the inmates of this dell."
"Speak," said Anselmo; "what is true, one lie
Will sign the fatal warrant and you die.
The wretched Caspar, to his supple knave,
One withering look, one frown of menace gave,
But still the pale and horror stricken slave,
Without repugnance all his guilt confest,
And bared the secrets of his master's breast.
"Caspar," he said, "designing to betray
The maid, whose flight had rob'd him of his prey,
Bad me a counterfeited priest provide,
That a false marriage might deceive the bride.
I sought him out a poor and needy Friar;
A purse of gold secured the monk for hire.
The Baron's wrath, confined within her room
The maid, who dream'd not of so sad a doom,
And a false contract, falsely signed and sealed,
Was quickly forged, to make the maiden yield.
This night to execute the deed was named,"—
By heav'n 'tis false;" here Caspar fierce exclaimed,
"Silence!" Anselmo cried, "silence! at least,
'Till I confront thee with that needy Priest."
He rose and waved a signal with his hand,
Rinaldo, captain of the robbers' band,
Advanced and look'd on Caspar with a scowl.
"Know you these features, Caspar, and this cowl,
Take back the price of innocence, your purse—
Such wages were an honest soldier's curse.
Peruse the wicked contract, which I bring,

Or if you challenge these, behold the ring!
Deny it now—and at Gherardo's word,
Thy traitor heart shall shrive it to my sword.”
He drew—and that deceiver's members quailed,
Like an aspen's leaves by the wind assailed.
But Bertha's gentle ill-requited tears,
In pity dropped, relieved him from his fears.
Arnold resumed the horrid tale with zeal;
A brother's woes such traitors never feel,
“Bertha, to Friedenfeld, with special care,
Bid me this jewel and a letter bear.
I bore them not; and when the maid escaped,
Our projects by its short contents we shaped.
The letter first we altered to our mind,
Then to the council of the state consigned.
From this, they thought Gherardo had command,
And ruled the movements of the robber-band;
That Bertha, from the Baron's home allured,
Was carried off and in their cave immured;
And that the monks and robbers dared to slight
The new-born lustre of the Gospel light.
This fraud, the council to our purpose won,
Orders were issued to the Baron's son,
To seize Gherardo and arrest the maid:
The council furnished men and arms to aid,
Their Hauptmans Steinhertz, Holtz, and Friedenfeld.
This combat all our hopes in death has quelled.”
“Yes,” said Rinaldo, “and the Baron's death!—
“Say on!” the startled Caspar gasped for breath,
With a grim, convulsive, horrid look—
Just as the conscience stricken soul forsook
The guilty Parricide it could not brook—

And left upon that corpse the foul impress
Of all its guilt and sin and ghastliness:
So horrible the shock, and awful spell,
That breaks to sinner and to infidel,
The vision and eternity of Hell!
There Arnold stood, astonished and amazed,
His pale lips quivering and his eye-balls glazed—
Down on his heart, that bolt of terrors came,
And he crouched to the very earth with shame.
Rinaldo, Bertha and her Friedenfeld,
Drearily the gloominess of death beheld.
Revolted feelings make the heart turn sick,
When accusations come so foul and thick.
Gherardo with a calm and even mien,
Alone remained untroubled and serene;
As eagles oft their balanced wings extend,
Above the clouds, which stormy tempests rend.
This truth indeed the traitor Arnold told:
How Caspar grown by desperation bold,
Because the Baron never could be won,
To sanction Bertha's union with his son;
Resolved another dreadful deed to do,
And fix that crime upon the robbers too.
But the dread secret to Rinaldo known,
The traitor had not courage to disown.

And now, the morning's saffron light arose
On the last Franenbrunnen's sad repose:
When thus the brave Rinaldo spoke again,
And writhed the supple traitor's heart with pain,
"Arnold, this contract and this ring restore
To Bertha—Go, and never meet us more.
A brave man would not slay a coward loon

North Carolina

And death for thee, would be too great a boon.”
Away the pliant wretch with terror fled,
As if dread vengeance menaced o’er his head.
And as the band around their leader prest,
These thrilling words described his thoughtful breast:
“Comrades, farewell! your chieftan’s course is done!
His reign is ended with the set of sun.
I am the scion of a noble race,
Tho’ honor bars me from my rightful place.
Nor lust of wealth, nor love of battle led,
Rinaldo to your band but want of bread.
I scorned the labor of the subject poor,
Gibes and gaunt famine at their broken door;
I could not brook oppression’s grinding deeds,
Where the Prince plunders and the vassal bleeds.
To you I gave my heart, my hand, and blade,
Your chosen Captain in the free knight’s trade.
My sword and liberty is all I crave,
Of the rich treasures, which our fortune gave.
Nor had I in your service staid so long,
But to avenge the good Gherardo’s wrong.
De Blutgeldt’s deed my manly bosom stung,
And spurn’d by vengeance, on his foes I hung:
Both now have heard death’s iron tongue.
He shrouds the good and bad beneath his pall;
But dreadful horrors on the guilty fall.
Comrades, remember tho’ you fight for food,
Rob not the poor: shed not one drop of blood.
Thanks for your love—a long and last farewell!—
Brothers,—to your cavern in the secret dell!
I fear, the good old Hermit’s hour is come;
Bear to Anselmo’s, or a better home.”

Slowly and sadly that procession moved,
Gherardo, Friedenfeld and her he loved.
They bore the Hermit on their joined arms,
Bertha, then followed with neglected charms.
And Friedenfeld supported on his feet,
Until they reached Anselmo's nigh retreat.
Rinaldo, and his band retire to hide,
Within the caverns of the mountain's side.
Gherardo on a rustic couch reclined,
With resignation cheered the maiden's mind.
And Friedenfeld by generous motives fired,
The Hermit's comfort and relief desired.
"Father," he said, "your kindness I revere,
Accept a soldier's thanks and tears sincere.
You saved my Bertha and her virtue too:
I owe my life and liberty to you.
And if my hand or heart can make amends,
Your vassal Friedenfeld your will attends.
Forgive me, if I sought your aged life,
My country and my duty armed the strife.
I knew not what my Bertha owed to you,
I knew not that her love for me was true.
I knew not of the greatness of your soul,
Defeat and shame usurped my mind's control."
"Enough! enough," the Hermit kindly cried
Say wilt thou take this maiden for thy bride?
This is the homage which Gherardo claims,
This is the crown at which the conqueror aims!
Bertha, my child, I know your heart's accord,
Friedenfeld shall be thy love's dear lord.
The counterfeited Friar's contract read,
The names will show correctness in the deed.

Bertha and Friedenfeld are parties signed,
And here by real Priest in marriage joined.
Grateful to God before his altar bow,
And breathe with pious lips the sacred vow.
Here, my dear child, the signet jewel bring,
Long mayst thou live to wear the wedding ring!
To your chaste loves be every blessing given,
By man on earth, by saints and God in Heaven!

“ My children, to Anselmo’s lips attend,
My weakness tells me I am near my end.
The web of Bertha’s life he will unfold;
Before I die that secret must be told.
That God’s benevolence and justice known,
Proud man may worship at his Maker’s throne.
With oft a sad and oft a smiling tear,
Listened the loving and attentive pair,
While gently spoke the much afflicted man,
And with these faithful words his tale began:
“ Behold the first born of a noble line,
Whose wreath of glory, worth and honor twine.
His boyhood and his manly youth I knew,
Now age has dashed his locks with wisdom’s hue.
If I his virtue and nobility assert,
I do but justice to his true desert.
Far other thoughts his brother’s mind imbued;
Their studies in Milan the youths pursued.
Gerald the one, the other Caspar named.
This for his loves, and that for learning famed.
Among the ladies of the Duke’s gay train,
Almira’s grace and beauty seemed to reign.
To her were countless lover’s vows addressed;
Her wit and charms each cavalier confest.

Both Brothers to this green of beauty bowed,
Each paid his suit and each his homage vowed.
Now Gerald's merit caught the lady's eyes,
He won from dazzled rivals beauty's prize.
But merit cannot vanquish envious hearts,
Nor goodness shun 'low cunning's wily arts.
His rival slandered him with envy's breath,
And secretly determined on his death.
Gerald, most anxious to defeat their crime,
Left the gay city for his own dear clime;
For often, borne on Fancy's winged car,
His thoughts would wander to his home afar:
And long those verdant hills and vales to meet,
Where the huge alps extend their northward feet.
His wife and daughter journey'd by his side,
And I, Anselmo, was their chosen guide.
His rivals bargained with De Blutgeldts' band,
To bar his passage to the Switzer's land.
Where the steep Gemni's battlemented wall,
'Threatens the Leuker valley with its fall,
Where streaming waters from their copious source
In healing streams gush forth with boiling force,
A path meandering like the serpent's trail,
Leads up the precipice which hunters fear to scale.
So narrow is the part that two abreast,
Scarce, can ascend the steepy mountains crest.
Here, in the bosom of a hollow nook,
Their stand the hireling bandit's took.
With savage hearts and arms for fight,
Some, intercept the passage of the height,
Others, concealed cut off the rearward flight.
Like birds, decoy'd within the fowler's's snare,

The thoughtless victims of revenge came there.
The signal whistle sounded shrill and keen,
The Bandits issued from the rocks between,
Drew on their prey the murdering sword,
The Lady captured by the ruth'less horde,
Was instant butchered by De Blutgeldt's hands;
Regardless of humanity's commands,
The reckless savage frowning on his bands,
And neither of his God, nor he'll afraid,
Stain'd with a woman's blood his shameful blade:
Then griped the infant in his bloody arms,
Grinn'd at the mother's pangs and child's alarms,
Dash'd the sweet babe upon the flinty rock,
And met the father with a dreadful shock.
'Their clashing swords like lightning flashed and gleam-
ed,
Deep crimsoned with the spouting blood that stream'd.
From gaping wounds: Alas! De Butgeldt broke
The father's weapon, with a sturdy stroke.
Gerald to desperation driv'n at length
Grappled his foe, and struggled in his strength,
Headlong to hurl him from his vantage ground
Sheer down the precipice with mighty bound.
Beneath, into that fathomless abyss,
Where tortured torrents rage and boil and hiss.
From cliff to cliff the rolling ruin falls,
And streaks with its red streams the mountain walls.
The bruised limbs, from rock to rock are dashed;
The fractured bones like brittle reeds are crashed
The bleeding fragments of the mangled joints,
Hang dripping and quivering on the craggy points.
Loud, when the ghastly corpse the bottom reach'd,

The startled and amazed Eagle screech'd.
And the vulture of the Alps filled the sky
With a funeral and lugubrious cry!
Each living man was struck with deep appal,
At the sullen sound of that chilling fall,
Madness and grief the wretched father urge,
To leap in desperation from the verge
Of that deep precipice, and dying close
The fearful current of his soul's sad woes.
But vengeance on his burning senses flash'd,
And headlong on his armed foes he dash'd.
'Twas but a thought—a robber's blade to wrest,
And plunge it in the owner's hostile breast.—
The blood poured down the slippery path—
A soothing tribute to th'avenger's wrath.
Who fought like hunted panther when at bay,
And many a mangled corpse around him lay.
Fiercely resolved to spend his latest breath
In reaping vengeance for the coming death.
But what could one man in unequal fight,
Against a hundred robbers' banded might?—
They triumphed—but their brutal leader dead.
They stripp'd their victims and dispersing fled.
Rinaldo, chosen by the robber's chief,
To those who breathed administerd relief,
And reconciled to life by his good care,
Gherardo and myself are hermits here.
No wish revengeful, no repining word,
From Fra' Gherardo's lips was ever heard."
What Bride and Bridegroom heard with interest deep,
Gherardo minded like a child asleep,
But when fair Bertha's fingers, cold as snow,

Were gently laid upon his sultry brow,
He faintly said, "what sad endearments cling,
Beloved Bertha, to that wedding ring.
Remember that the jewel once was mine—
It was thy mother's—and it now is thine—
Rinaldo bound it on thine infant hand.
It proves thy title to the Baron's land.
The Baron and his son may God forgive,
And long and happy may my Bertha live!
I have a message for thy husband's ear,
Which others, my dear Bertha, need not hear,
Good Friedenfeld I trust to thee alone,
What for thy Bertha's sake were best unknown.
The day I took Almira for my wife,
Was the most terrible of all my life.
A letter on my wedding pillow placed,
'Told me Almira was a thing disgraced.
She of whose love I deemed myself so sure—
Affection's crystal mirror chaste and pure,
Sweeter than the sweet lily of the shade,
Purer than the pure dew drop on the blade—
She who was the brightness of the sun's beam,
The simple candor of the limpid stream,
I thought her heart was chastity's own cell,
It was a thing as false and foul as hell!—
'Twas then in bitterness of heart I swore
Never, oh never, to love woman more!
The fiend that on my beauteous lily trod,
Fell blasted by the lightning of his God—"
He sighed—The Hermit of the Alps expired;
And Bertha with her Friedenfeld retired.

MISCELLANEOUS

Poems.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

AN ODE.

To day remember well,
To day oppression fell,
To day our breasts shall swell,
 With glory to be free!
Our banners we unfurl'd,
And down to ruin hurl'd
The conquerors of the world,
 The tyrants of the sea.

Great Freedom's voice is true,
The despots are the few,
They never shall subdue
 The many and the free.
Extortion's cruel gains,
Ambition's bloody reins,
And slav'ry's iron chains
 Now trembled at our glee.

Perish their battle deeds,
Perish their mitred creeds,
Perish their golden meeds,
 The traitors to the free!
Freedom is our peaceful strain,
Commerce our cherished gain,
Our plenty—crested plain,
 Smiles glad in liberty.

We need no subject's wail,

We need no coats of mail,
We need no armed sail,
 We will the world be free!
How vast is freedom's home,
Her mountain spirits roam
Beneath th' unshackled doom
 Of nature's Deity.

What happiness we bring
To freedom's holy spring,
What sweet endearments cling
 To bosoms that are free!
Calm be the resting place
Of our self devoted race,
Who rushed to death's embrace,
 And died for liberty!

Oh Freedom's dear and sweet,
When friends in friendship meet,
And loved and loving greet,
 The young hearts of the free!
May Freedom warm our mirth,
May Freedom bless our birth,
May Freedom shine on earth,
 The Freedom of the free!
New York, July 4, 1832.

THE PEOPLE OF THE SEA.

AN ODE.

I.

The people of the sea,
While mortals sleep,
Their vigils keep,
Far o'er the deep,
In dread security.
The people of the sea,
With proud disdain,
Their right maintain,
To roam the main,
And fear no rivalry.
Free as the boundless sea.

II.

The riders of the sea,
Where waters gush,
Where whirlwinds rush,
Where icebergs crush,
Go with audacity.
The riders of the sea,
Tho' reef rocks graze,
Tho' lightning blaze,
Tho' thunder craze,
Ride on in majesty;
Bold as the daring sea.

III.

The heroes of the sea,

When foes advance,
With pike and lance,
And pennons dance,
To rouse their bravery.
The heroes of the sea,
Tho' weapons clash,
Tho' cannon flash,
Tho' vessels crash,
Sail on to victory,
Restless as the sea.

IV.

The lovers of the sea,
From welcome fleet,
With hasty feet,
Their loves to greet,
Descend with merry glee.
The lovers of the sea,
When soft tears spring,
When dear ones cling,
When joy shouts ring,
Exult in revelry,
Gay as the sunbright sea.

V.

The rulers of the sea,
Tho' traitors rise,
And plots devise,
To mutenize,
For wicked piracy.
The rulers of the sea,
In heart are stern,

In hand are firm;
In honor burn,
To truth and chivalry,
True as the deep blue sea.

VI.

The victors of the sea,
When home returned,
From perils spurned.
And glory earned,
In splendid pageantry.
The victors of the sea,
Embrace the sod,
Where first they trod,
And rest with God,
In calm eternity,
Calm as the breezeless sea.

THE CHILD OF POVERTY.

AN ODE.

The poor child's a sapless rose,
Ill rooted on this drear earth,
Whose young buds must ever close,
Withered in their dear birth.
Whose green leaves may never spread
Their freshness to the blue sky:
Whose rich stem's sweet blooming head,
May never in the dew sigh.

Or like some desert plant of death,
 To the rocks that shackled cleaves,
Whilst the Simoon's burning breath
 Flareth o'er its crackled leaves.
Can false pity's galling drop,
 Of bitter dew avail him?
Or his anguish mock'ry stop,
 If folly's sons bewail him?
Ah! no—for his only aim
 Looks to Eden's crystal height,
At the stroke of death to claim
 Entrance to immortal light.

THE PROMISE OF ABRAHAM.

(FROM THE SCRIPTURE.)

I.

Jehovah, creator of light
To Abraham, who walk'd in his sight,
This blessing did sweetly impart,
In accents that vanquish'd his heart;
Like the stars of the sky, and the sands of the sea,
Thy hallowed seed shall in multitude be!

II.

Go forth from thy father's dear home,
From thy country and kindred to roam;
To the land that myself will bestow,
Which with milk and with honey doth flow

Like the stars of the sky, and the sands of the sea,
Thy hallowed seed shall in multitude be!

III.

Thy tents shall be clothed with peace;
Thy flocks shall my blessing increase,
Thy herds shall in luxury feed,
On the wealth of the fattening mead,
Like the stars of the sky, and the sands of the sea
&c.

IV

The ears of thy rich waving grain,
Shall bow with their weight to the plain;
O'er thy hills the far spreading vine,
Its rich purple clusters shall twine.
Like the stars, &c.

V

Thy footsteps beneath shall arise,
The cedar that pierceth the skies,
The olive, the fig tree and palm,
And the odorous life-giving balm
Like, &c.

VI

The foes of thy life and thy right,
Myself will arise in my might,
To scathe with my arrows of fire,
And blast with the breath of mine ire.
Like, &c.

VII

With silver and gold in thy store,
Can bounty divine lavish more?

Graced with my smile and my nod,
How blest are the children of God!
Like the stars, &c

THE SONS OF LOYOLA,

AN ODE.

I

Ye sons of Loyola, exult in the cross!
Of a home and a country, ye reckon not the loss;
The sons of this world, from their dwelling may fly,
Torn from their country, they languish and die.
The limits of earth are your present abode,
But boundless your country, the country of God.

II

In want and in peril, in hunger and cold,
Ye shrink not from danger, your spirits are bold.
The sons of this world, where adversity tends,
Retire in dismay with their legion of friends.
But where is the wild by your footsteps untrod?
Your footsteps that tend to the glory of God.

III

Not the rack, nor the sword, not faggot nor fire,
Your breasts can a moment with terror inspire.
When pestilence scatters her venomous dew,
The sons of this world all vanish from view,
But ye nobly advance 'gainst her death spreading rod,
Shielded and safe, by the buckler of God.

IV

Ye list not the charms of alluring delight,
 Idly her sweets are displayed to your sight.
 The sons of this world, they have tasted in vain;
 They have tasted and found that her pleasure is pain.
 Your feet with the peace of the gospel are shod;
 Your delights are the pure consolations of God.

V

Rejoice then in insults, they wait on your name,
 The scorn of this world is a peace giving fame.
 For its glory shall pass like a shadow—a gleam,
 That at eve, on the gray mist of winter may beam.
 But your glory depends not on princes' false nod;
 For changeless your glory, the glory of God.

VI

Soon would ye part from this valley of tears;
 Death has no terrors—your bosom no fears.
 The sons of this world, they wither with fright,
 When the portals of death arise on their sight,
 You joyfully lay down your bones on the sod,
 And haste to repose in the bosom of God.

Al Gesu. a Roma. An. 1822.

 TO A NUN.

I

Virgin, lone living
 In virtue's abode,

All thy life giving
To love and thy God,

II

Constantly raising
Thy heart and thy voice,
Sweetly in praising
The spouse of thy choice,

III

Thine's the heart reeling
Of heavenly joy,
Exquisite feeling
That never can cloy.

IV

No words are able
That lips can employ,
No thoughts can fable
Celestial joy.

V

Pleasure may nourish
This beautiful earth;
Love too may flourish
Frogetful of worth.

VI

But, no to-morrow
Can alter thy lot.
Thou hast no sorrow,
That the world has not

VII

Thorns wound the fingers,
Among rosy flowers;
Vice often lingers,
In beautys's bright bowers.

VIII

The smiles that dimple
This life's pleasing stream,
Are not so simple,
So sweet as they seem.

IX

False gems may spangle
The waves curling gay;
And rank weeds tangle
The current's wild way.

X

Joy then, in musing
On beauty above:
Joy in diffusing
Thy sisterly love.

XI

Once if left lonely,
Devotion's gem gone,
Dull penance only
Can lead thy soul on.

XII

Sighing unholy

O'er solitude's sod,
Weeping thy folly
And loathing thy God.

XII

All things comparing,
The maid is most blest,
Least sorrow sharing,
Who loves her God best.

XIV

Well hast thou chosen
The spouse of thy soul:
His love is frozen
By no cold control.

XV

Jealousy never
Between you can be;
No rival sever
His fondness from thee.

XVI

Be not a rover,
Thy bridegroom's sweet home,
Life's voyage over,
Is Heaven's bright dome.

THE VOW.

The charm is gone, the spell is broke,

That bound me to my native spot;
 The tie of love is rent away.
 But—have I from my slumber woke,
 And are those dreams of love forgot,
 Or am I still a child of clay?
 I bid all thoughts of love farewell.—
 Let wizzard bind the treble spell,
 Let thunder craze the stratled world,
 Let ruin on mankind be hurl'd,
 Let luscious wine the soul incense,
 Let softest music fire the sense,
 Let beauty's charms angelic beam,
 Of love again I never dream.

STANZAS.

How sweet retirement sweeter grows,
 That from the mind's election flows!
 How earthly beauty worldly love,
 Fade as our thoughts ascend above!

View all with faith's instructive eye,
 Live thou as thou would'st wish to die!
 A few short years will soon be gone,
 And leave thy soul to God alone!

ON CHAPEL HILL.

1. Wood-crested hills and verdant vales among,
 See Northern-Carolina's learn'd retreat!
 Where arts and letters and the poet's song

Adorn with majesty the Muses' seat.

2. The modest mansion of her mental pride,
Shines not with ornamental beauty crown'd
But spreads the radiance of fair science wide,
And beams with glory on the world around.
3. The solid worth of man's progressive good,
The heart's sweet excellence, & truth's firm sway,
Have higher, here, in triumph nobly stood,
Than all the pageants of ambition's play.
4. 'Twas here, that ancient lore a refuge found,
And Music's sons awoke the tuneful lyre:
'Twas here, our fathers trod on classic ground,
And genius burned with patriotic fire.
5. 'Tis here Invention bids the mind to rove,
The latent virtues of each plant explore,
Trace mystic nature through the blossom'd grove,
And force her secrets from the stubborn ore.
6. Survey the rolling orbs and glowing stars
Of Heaven's vast field, with telescopic eye;
And mark where comets whirl their rapid cars,
And stream in beauty through the blazing sky.
7. Here flow the springs of knowledge on the mind,
In streams irriguous from the fount of truth:
Here are the traits to History consigned,
Graved on the memory of wondering youth:
8. Here bloom the flowers that Poesy desires;
Here Logic braces reason's nervous arm;
Here Eloquence divinely tames or fires
The varied passions that our bosoms warm.

9. What wisdom and experience deeply teach,
What holy Socrates and Plato thought,
And what the humble Jesus deigned to preach,
Are here by precept and example taught.

10. Oh! blest abode! thy christian faith remains,
On thee no impious skeptic durst intrude,
Thy charity misfortune's child sustains,
And rescues worth from poverty's sad mood!

11. Here in thy fostering bosom cherished long,
Those twin Societies of banded friends,
Have flourished in their rivalry of song;
And each its own benevolence extends.

12. To merit, more than fame thy son's aspire,
In useful arts and happiness to live;
They seek no wealth, no pleasure they desire
But what fair science and the Muses give.

13. May Providence o'er thee her wings extend,
May virtue ever on thy dwelling shine,
May sweet devotion at thine altar bend,
And modest fame and real worth be thine!

14. And may'st thou soon forget the stranger wight
Who hailed thy glories on his lonely tour;
Him cold neglect, and chill repulse may sligt,
Too little worthy to behold thy bower.
June 27, 1839.

DESPONDENCY.

Oh! Is there none to give the mind relief,
No stable hand to prop the dizzy sense,

Bewildered by the dreams of want and grief,
Of drear futurity and sad suspense?
What painful anguish racks my tortured brain,
How dreadful is this vacancy of heart,
No mortal arm can break my galling chain,
The soul must from its tenement depart!

And oh! how oft 'twill stand upon the brink,
And cast a wistful thought athwart the gloom;
And then as oft with terror backward shrink,
To hope no refuge, save the dreaded tomb.

And where are friends—and where are hopes—all gone—
All withered like the rootless grass away;
They left me deep in sorrow—deeply lone—
With not a gleam, to cheer my darksome day.

Come, sorrow then—and brood thee o'er my heart,
Here where, I grieve lone and disconsolate.
Come hateful guest, hence never more depart,
But wait obsequious on my wretched fate.

Let none be found—no friend of social life,
To soothe with comfort's tongue my darksome soul;
My dwelling is with spectres; and 'tis rife,
With gloom and darkness horrible control!

Here will I dwell, where ruin spreads around,
Her rotting relics on the wasted earth;
Where shrieking owls, and noisome weeds are found
And vermin foul—all nature's loathed birth.

Like the dark Raven, melancholy's bird,
That sits upon some tottering blacken'd spire;
Or like some leafless tree, that deserts gird
With woe around, blasted and rent with fire.

The joyless, heartless, speechless stream of woe,
That bears me sadly down the gulf of years,
Flow'd at my luckless birth, and on will flow,
In thickening wave, of sor row swoln with tears.

And yet I will not weep, like woman kind,
The scorn of every hardy nature's child;
No tear shall rust my iron strength of mind,
No pain, no agony shall make me wild.

Like some lorn traveller of midnight tale,
Belated on the drear and lonesome fell,
Shall be my journey down the fearful vale,
That quickly leads to nothing—or to Hell.

TO THE FIRE FLY.

1.

Inseet that rambles
O'er the soft green blade,
Hangs on the brambles,
Or shines in the shade,

2.

Where thy light twinkles
With many a hue,
When evening sprinkles
Her glittering dew.

3.

'Twas Heaven selected,
That clear lamp for thee,

North Carolina
State Library

That well directed
Thy lover might be.

4.

'Twas not intended,
To lead thee to harm;
But was suspended
Thy true love to charm.

5.

Yet from thee taken
The lamp of thy love,
Thou all forsaken,
In darkness would'st rove.

6.

Thou and the token
Of youth's tender mind
Candor unbroken,
With virtue entwined,

7.

Sweetly resembling
Thy soft mellow glow;
Timidly trembling
When light passions blow.

8.

Yet sadly fading
In sorrow and might;
If guilt degrading
Once dim the pure light.]

TO A CONSOLING FRIEND.

Sweet is the music of friendship remember'd,
To a tender heart nurtured in sorrow;
'Tis like the soft tones of distant bells temper'd,
By the hopes of a festive to-morrow.

How gently the kind accents fall,
When sympathy whispers to woe;
Or the tear tales of others recall,
The days of our sadness below!

But ever this tender heart doom'd to misfortune,
Must retire from the voice of its charmer;
Lest she too, be twined in the web of his fortune,
And the star of his destiny harm her.

How sad is the curse of that soul,
Whose loves and whose sorrows contend,
And whose torment's the bitter control,
Which his fate may inflict on his friend!

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

When thoughts are sadly strolling
To scenes of woe and qualm;
The breath of lips consoling,
Brings sweet and holy calm.

When hearts are fondly grieving,

MISCELLANEOUS

For those who were below;
The lovely bosom's heaving,
Wakes rapture's soothing glow.

When dread despair is creeping,
To reason's trembling throne,
The kind affection's weeping,
Recalls the mind that's gone.

When wealth and gold beguiling,
In all their lustre glare;
The simple maiden's smiling
Lays all their falsehood bare.

When pomp is proudly prancing,
'Round grandeur's gilded crown;
The blue eye's brilliant glancing,
Puts all that glitter down.

When purple wines are gushing,
To quench the thirsting lip;
The features richly blushing,
Present a sweeter sip.

When music's notes are reeling,
And floating echoes ring,
The gentle accents stealing,
Touch deep the heart's soft string.

When pleasure's nets are spreading,
Deceits and painted toys,
The maiden's happy wedding,
Brings pure and lasting joys.

ON THE RUINS OF ST. ALBANS.

*Nunquam aliud Natura aliud sapientia dicit,
Juv. Sat. XIV. 321.*

Once, sacred music held the throng
Here, in solemn mute control,
Once holy sounds of vesper song,
Here impress'd the feeling soul.

And sweet devotion joyful breath'd,
In the soul's sincere desire,
Round which her circling flame she wreath'd
Nourished by seraphic fire.

Now gloomy silence reigns here, lone
Palling on the ear's chill'd sense,
Save weekly anthems coldly drone,
And a colder faith dispense.

Yet deep amid these pillared aisles,
And e'en through this voiceless gloom,
A spirit seems to speak in smiles,
Like, an angel from the tomb:

Bidding the true believer, hail!
And with majesty's sweet grace;
Welcome him home from long—long wail,
To his own, his native place.

Where Verger's well conned tales relate,
Christians' glory, pagans' shame,

The freeman's love, the bigot's hate;
Alban's great exalted name.

What ill could Pagan hate ordain,
If religion stood by thee,
Fire, torture, death were all—all vain:
Death was Alban's victory.

Oh! to think on thy noble deed,
Stirs the spirit of the free!
For freedom is the martyr's creed;
Religion is no slavery.

No tyrant's power can pass the grave,
Alban passed the Vere dry-shod,
To liberty a tyrant gave,
To be free with freedom's God!

Oh! Britain how could'st thou forget,
How spoil *his* sacred pile,
The first bright star in blood that set,
Of free conscience on thine Isle!

'Twas not devotion led on those,
Or a zeal for purer rites,
Who would not let his bones repose,
When they quenched his altar lights.

Oh! rather had those gifts not been,
And the voice of bounty hush'd;
Than, that his altar should be seen,
Thus with wealth together crush'd.

'Tis better that the great should bend,
To the minister of grace,
Than, holy poverty ascend,
To possess the highest place.

But who of Britain's sons the chain,
Of such tyranny could bear;
If traitors had not learned to feign
Tales of virtue in his ear.

The daring wolf with ease assumed,
The two wealthy shepherd's cloak.
Long hath the simple flock been doomed,
Cheated slaves, to error's yoke.

But, as a torrents swelling flood,
Whelm's a streamle'ts scanty path;
So, sprung from Alban's martyred blood,
Christian hosts quelled Paynin wrath.

And as the sword is gnawn by rust,
From the drops of blood which cling;
So shall this mouldering fabric's dust,
Ruin on the traitors bring.

To persecute the sacred creed,
Is to make it multiply;
And senseless bigots plant the seed
Of religious liberty.

Her seeds shall ripen into day:
Error then shall reign no more,
And state built churches shall decay;

And their hypocrites grow poor.

The faith and truth, shall men perceive,
 Not to differ, save in name,
 And wiser nations shall believe,
 God and reason say the same.

St. Albans, June, 21, 1830.

TO MISS J*** M*****.

Ben conosco il tenor della mia stella: Pastor Fido.
 Full well I know the aspect of my star.

Had my fortune ne'er forbad me,
 To think thou cold'st be mine;
 Not a smile of hers could glad me,
 So much as one of thine.

But since she doth deny me,
 Her else unvalued dross,
 Thy memory shall supply me,
 With solace for my loss.

And my grief should ne'er oppress me,
 If it could lessen thine;
 But thine deeply will distress me,
 If it resemble thine.

Oh! may'st thou soon forget me,
 As one of little worth!
 I would not one regret me,

Throughout this lonely earth.

No misfortune more can grieve me,
No joy can more be mine;
Yet this simple heart, believe me,
Will cherish each of thine.

Farewell—that word dejects me,
And still it must be said;
Farewell—that word rejects me,
And Heaven must be obeyed.

New York, Nov. 30th 1832.

ON WOMAN.

A FRAGMENT.

Say not woman's fickle—no!
Say her graces make her so!
When rays of light caress,
The Turtle's plummy dress,
The changing color, changing shows
Another light, another hue,
That ever bright, and ever new,
Yet to the sight is never true;
While melting beauty, melting flows,
With lovely glow on the silken vest;
Like saffron clouds in the crimson west,
Or waves of amethyst that curl,
Brightly over a sea of pearl!
The golden light of morning's eye,

The purple clouds of the azure sky,
 The diamond drops of the emerald green,
 The richest tints in the rainbow seen.
 Compared with the smiles, of that beautiful grace,
 That wanders so sweetly o'er woman's dear face;
 Are weak as the pallid and silvery locks,
 Of the sickly sun, whom the dun cloud mocks;
 In the misty haze of December's air,
 Compared with his golden midsummer hair.

* * * * *

How few can look,
 Unmoved on the page,
 Of beauty's book!
 The simple and sage,
 Must read how her charms,
 The human heart warms.
 For by the hand of fair nature attired,
 How justly are woman's soft changes admired.
 And the lover's suspicion's unkind,
 Who thinks her of changeable mind.
 For the ebb and the flow, of pleasure's sweet rill
 Must be constantly changing its beautiful way;
 Should its waves ever fail, or its music be still,
 The pathway of love, were a channel of clay.
 Oh! Woman's the dearest boon of Heaven,
 To the sons of earth in mercy given.
 Her consolation's balm,
 Soothing, sweet and calm,
 To aching hearts with sorrow riven,
 And maddening souls to fury driven.
 To the stormy bosom's raging,
 She's soft submission's meekness:
 To the face that smiles engaging,

She's dear affection's weakness.
In her lover's peril time,
She bears the lion's boldness.
At the very thought of crime,
She turns to icy coldness.

* * * * *

TO ADELAIDE.

“FORGET ME NOT.”

Bright is the blue
Of the violet's hue,
In the sweet season blowing,
Bright is the blue,
Of April sky too,
'Mid the fleecy clouds showing.

And bright is the blue,
In the soft eye true,
With the dearest joy flowing;
But brighter blue,
In the cup we view,
Of “Forget me not” glowing.

They are bright new,
When warm pleasures sue,
Hope her youngest seeds sowing.
Thou art bright old,
When pleasures are cold,
And our latest hopes going.

They are brigt new,
When friends are most true,
And our fortune most smiling.
Thou art bright old,
When few friends are told,
And our fortunes declining.

London, 1832.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN

A TALE.

'Twas eventide, a summer's day,
The village hush'd and still,
Save, where the youth intent on play,
Display'd their little skill.

An aged traveller past that way,
Unheeded and unknown,
His cheek was wan, his beard was gray,
His clothes were rudely torn.

The wanton youth his garb deride,
And scoff in merry mood,
But he their giddy years to chide,
And do his neighbor good,

"Forbear, my sons" with mildness cries,
To mock my age in scorn,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the skies,
To blast your rising morn.

A youth like yours, I once possess'd,
Like you I loved my play,
And emulation fired my breast,
To shine among the gay.

But now my spring my summer's past,
Past is my autumn too,
My cheerless winter's come at last;
Ah! soon 'twill creep on you."

He ceased, but soon a gentle maid,
Compassionate and kind,
To shame the thoughtless youth essay'd,
And check their boisterous mind.

"Oh! fie," she cried, "his age revere,
And give his wants relief;
Oh! wipe away the stranger's tear,
And soothe his manly grief.

Ah me! perhaps my father's tale,
Resembles his in woe;
Perhaps his cheek's as woful pale,
Ah! would it were not so!

My mother oft has bid me come,
And place me by her side,
To tell me how he left his home:
And crossed the ocean wide.

He left us on one fatal morn,
He left us both dismay'd,
He left my dear-loved mother lorn,

And me a hapless maid.

His baron called him to the war,
To combat by his side;
He took him to a land afar,
And there I know he died."

The tear drops in the stranger's eye,
Stood glistening like the dew.
"No, No!" He cries, "He did not die,
He lives, he speaks to you.

Oh! lead me to your mother's cot,
Oh! Let me once again,
Behold my Katy and the spot,
I left with so much pain.

For I have felt the pangs of woe,
And sad has been my doom,
One hour of bliss remains below,
Then lay me in the tomb."

THE SONG OF REBECCA

I

O'er my heart a charm is stealing
Of simplest, sweetest, purest love
But not a love of human feeling:
That clings to earth, *this* soars above.
{ Lovers only know the bliss;
{ Bliss is theirs and God is bliss.

II

All, all my thoughts of earthly love
 To my earthly spouse are given;
 My heavenly love that soars above
 Only to the King of Heaven,
 { Lovers only know the bliss,
 { Bliss is theirs, and God is bliss.

 TO AGNES.

Ricordati di me,
 Mi ricordero di te.—Metastasio.

I

Could beauty's smile, or female worth
 Beaming in the looks we love,
 Could all the bliss of wealth and birth;
 Fondness like the simple dove,
 Or virtue's charms, or artless mirth
 Dear as the joys we hail above,
 Have ever Agnes made thee mine,
 This hand and heart were truly thine.

II

There's beauty in thine auburn tresses,
 Lustre in thy bright eyes;
 There's dearness in thy cheek's distresses,
 And in their soft light dies;
 There's sweetness in thy smile's caresses,
 Which angels e'en might prize.
 For these, my heart would fondly choose thee,
 But, evil fates to me, refuse thee.

III

I dreamed, that thou did'st love me well,
 Coily that consent was given;
I dreamed, I heard the bridal bell,
 Publishing our vows to Heaven:
But waked, to wish it were my knell,
 So deeply were my feelings riven,
Remembering I was born below,
An heir to nought, save human woe.

IV

But oh! when love with fortune clashes
 Virtue never should repine!
Since this sad heart's chill silent ashes,
 In their urn may still be thine,
Immortal for love's mortal flashes,
 Kindling into life divine.
But yet, this life is bitter anguish,
To souls that for each other languish.

V

I tried the palace and the cot,
 Peaceful plenty, splendid pride,
And deep retirement's sweeter grot,
 And gaiety's sparkling tide,
I tried all ranks, I tried each spot,
 But no heart's ease they supplied,
I saw thee, and forgot my pain,
But fortune crie I, "thy wish is vain."

VI

Wanderer o'er th' unquiet ocean,
 Exile from mine early home,
Stranger to the world's commotion,
 Cipher in an idle tome,
With baseless aim and empty notion,
 Hopeless, joyless on I roam,

To seek, what none may here discover,
The bliss of Heaven, when life is over.

TO MINE ISLAND.

“So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.”

SHAKESPEAR, K. Lear.

Mine Island, with riches and glory
Was blest, in her plenty of yore,
When honor emblazoned her story,
And Religion encircled her shore.

But now she is lost and degraded,
By luxury, riot and spoil,
Her honor and glory are faded;
Her Religion hath quitted the soil.

Religion alone cannot save her,
She must from her tyrants be freed,
Whose oppression and error deprave her,
By taxes and tithings and greed.

Mine Island is greatly misus'd,
By the fraud of her covetous foes;
Too long has her wealth been abused,
In creating her numberless woes.

Too long they in plenty have revelled,
In licence, in rapine, and lust;
They fear with the slaves to be levelled,
Whom they trample like worms in the dust.

Oh! return to the God of thy Fathers,

Return to thine own former creed;
For the whirlwind of ruin now gathers,
That crimes and apostacies breed.

The surfeits of wealth that oppress thee,
Wrung alas! from thy laboring hands,
Would be treasures of comfort to bless thee,
If justice but numbered thy lands.

I would not thy tyrants should perish,
I'd have them anew to reform,
I'd have them their poor brothers cherish,
And escape from the threatening storm.

I would labor receive its own earning,
And capital have its own mite;
Then the times would quickly be turning,
The poor get rich, the rich get right.

The tithe would not fatten the preacher,
Nor set up new creeds of belief;
Religion would then be the teacher,
And knowledge would cease to be grief.

Then each one, would honor the others,
Then Commerce be equally nurst;
Mankind would be living like brothers,
And war's kingly bubble would burst.

Oh! return to the shepherd who gathers
His flock from each nation and seed;
Oh! return to the God of thy Fathers,
Return to thine own former creed!

MARY'S LAMENT

I

Oh! where are the joys of my youth that is flown?
 And where is my Edwin who left me to weep?
 My joys, are in age, into solitude grown:
 And Edwin I ween has been lost in the deep;
 'Twas here, I remember he left me alone,
 Where, I lay myself down on the moss-covered stone,
 Here, we pledged ovselves both, to be faithful and true,
 And his tears flowed so fast, as he bade me adieu!

II

I know he was true, to the last of his breath,
 He said, he would ever be faithful and true,
 And Edwin, till I am the victim of death,
 Poor Mary shall ever be faithful to you.
 It shall not be said, you abandoned your home,
 Tho' never to Albin's grey mountains you come.
 It was here, in the days of your boyhood you sung,
 And the waterstream heard, and the dark valley rung.

III

Oh! would that these hills might now hail your return!
 That I might behold you once more ere I die!
 At least while I live for your loss I will mourn;
 In fancy repose me, where Edwin may lie,
 And when the green moss, on our grave shall be gray,
 The stranger in silence shall not go away,
 But the tear of compassion shall moisten his eye,
 And his bosom shall heave with a peace-wishing sigh!

TO SUSAN.

"FOGET ME NOT."

I

To picture the heart
 To the absent and dear,

To friends far apart,
Whom love would bring near;
Oh! thou art the meetest,
Tho' lowly thy lot,
Of blue flower's deepest,
Forget me not.

II

Perusing thine eye,
Each thinks he beholds,
The thousand friends nigh,
Whom thy sweet cup holds.
Thy mirror reflecteth,
In lovely blue grot,
What friendship connecteth,
Forget me not.

III.

Thou art closed in showers,
And closed at e'en too;
Yet bright in those hours,
Tho' paler thy hue.
When fortune thus flieth,
And Friends seem forgot,
A paler tint dyeth,
Forget me not,

IV

Thy blue tints so bright,
Seem deepest in dye;
In the sun beam's light,
When clouds dim the sky,
And friendship's most shaded,

When adverse our lot,
 And virtue's least faded,
 Forget me not.

V

Thy memory green,
 Most lives and most glows
 In twin hearts when seen,
 Untroubled by woes:
 And then too most waneth,
 When friend is forgot,
 By friend that disdaineth,
 Forget me not.

VI

The grass oft conceals
 Thy bright and deep blue;
 So the heart reveals,
 Least, the friend most true.
 And friendship when surest,
 Oft shows without spot,
 Unknown friends the truest,
 Forget me not.

VII

Other flowers more bright,
Without, are more fair,
 Thou, lowly to sight,
Within, art most rare.
 The sweetest first cloyeth,
 So the hand most hot,
 Thy bloom first destroyeth,
 Forget me not.

VIII

Like friendship's coy gem,
 Thy cup pressed too near

Will drop from the stem,
And a thorn appear:
In the sear thou fallest,
Since mortal thy lot;
Like those thou recallest,
Forget me not.

A COMPARISON.

I

As I passed through a Garden one day,
I admired a white lily growing,
How its chaste white reflected the ray
Of the sun on its bright petals glowing.
As I passed there when evening drew nigh,
I saw it drooping and withered,
Cast aside on the pathway, to die,
From its stem by a spoiling hand severed.
All cruhsed and degraded
With vile weeds it lay.
Its chastest white faded
And soiled by the clay.
With its anthers of gold,
That shall never unfold;
Ne'er mingling so purely,
To give its seed birth,
But die immaturely,
Returning to earth.

II

As I passed through a village, one year,
I admired a simple girl playing,
And read her bright eyes, "how dear,
The joys of sweet innocence," saying.
As I passed when another year came,

I saw her abandoned, forsaken,
 Left to pine in the dwelling of shame,
 From her sweet home by false lover taken.
 Dejected, grief-anguished,
 Lost, guiltily and weak,
 Her once bright eye languished,
 With chill glare so bleak,
 Not a smile of sweet grace
 Shall e'er dimple her face;
 With fond kiss endearing,
 No sweet babe be fed;
 But, with woe-wearing,
 She'll creep to the dead.

LINES ON WOMAN.

Lovely woman is like the rose,
 And her beauty like its blushes:
 Her love like the butterfly goes,
 Where the warmest heartstream gushes.
 The roseblush fadeth with the morn,
 And at noon the rose too withers;
 A cloud leaves the butterfly lorn,
 That cold in the drear wind shivers.
 Oh! why was woman made so frail,
 Or why should beauty fade in age?
 Should love and beauty never fail,
 Oh! where would be our prilgrimage?
 A boon too rich would have been given
 This life have been an angel's lot,
 This Paradise a blooming Heaven,
 And God and virtue here forgot.

THE SCRAP GIRL.

Written in an Album, Pilton, 1830.
 Of friendship, of love, and good nature,

All the gifts, I with grateful heart take;
Pray, give me a print, or a picture,
Or a verse for my dear owner's sake.
I hide neither merit nor beauty,
My request is a kindness to you;
I hold it my sweet pleasing duty,
To exhibit my favors to view.
And who turns o'er my treasures shall find,
A full page with variety graced,
Like the train of ideas combined,
On the tablets of memory traced.
If the dullard, or wit shall complain,
That I eke out my patchwork's dissight,
Then, my answer to all is quite plain,
Not one only, I seek to delight.
And far better the scrap girl displays,
What the talents of others compose,
Than commends her own sketches and lays,
As the myrtle is graced by the rose.

THE SOLILOQUY OF COELEBS.

No earthly spot I call my home;
No cheering hearth for me may shine;
No heart I gain where'er I roam,
I would not any's lot like mine.
I've not one joy to soothe my brow,
One friend to dry my weeping eye;
For kindred souls are rarer now,
Than in the days of youth gone by.
One lingering star still guides my way,
Or seems to guide in mock'ry now;
One lonely hope still sheds its ray,
Upon my mournful evening brow:

That Heaven hath still decreed an hour,
When woman's heart shall feel for mine:
When Love shall trim my fading bower,
And Hymen bless my life's decline.
If, there, were any like to me,
How could I find among that few,
The one, that would my partner be,
So fond and faithful, kind and true.
Man was not born for selfish love,
To gather heaps of golden ore,
In quest of richer lands to rove,
Or reap the gains of laboring poor.
Far other aims exalt his bliss,
The single heart can never rest,
Suppose all other pleasures miss,
Still love alone can make it blest.

STANZAS.

Oh! come from this false world away,
'Tis great to flee from error.
Can it be, that falsehood is gay,
Shrinking with pangs of terror?
Perplexed is the whole hope of error,
But sure is the least pledge of truth.
No shunning the region of terror,
If once we love falsehood in youth!
As much we hate the false deceiver;
So much we love the true believer.
Oh come from this sad world away,
'Tis sweet to part with sorrow.
Can misery win us to stay,
When brightly dawns the morrow?
Oh! sad sets the death night of sorrow;

But bright springs the birth day of bliss.
No joys in the world of to-morrow,
If we taste no anguish in this!
As gladly smiles the good man's gladness;
So sadly frowns the bad man's sadness.

THE PERI AND THE ROSE BUD.

TO ELIZA.

I

When the Peri who perfumes
All the young and tender blooms,
Of fair Circassia's bright flowers,
A deep blush saw one morning,
A sweet rose bud adorning,
Just sprinkled by the light showers,

II

Such loveliness admiring,
She felt a heart desiring,
'T were beneath some shady spray:
For, melancholy sorrow,
Before another morrow,
The dear bud must fade away,

III.

"Yes, hanging there suspended,
Thy bloom will soon be ended;"
Said she with no heedless sigh,
"Fondly if I gather thee,

Sooner shall I wither thee,
Sooner will thy sweetness die.

IV

“Yet stay, I’ll set thy blossom
On fair Eliza’s bosom,
That kind declining creature;
Whose Edwin’s heart refuses,
The bliss which love diffuses,
O’er every shining feature.

V

“And leave thee there to languish,
Meet partner of her anguish.
Sorrow seems then only less,
When sister sorrow meets her,
When sigh or tear drop greets her,
Gently in her loneliness.

VI

“Eliza too must perish,
In vain we hope to cherish
Earth’s fairest loveliest thing.
Oh! would that I were dwelling
Where chrystal waves are welling,
From Eden’s holiest spring.

VII

“Every beauteous thing that blows,
Every noble heart that glows,
Brightly o’er our pilgrimage,
By glittering hope is lighted,
But to be darkly blighted,

By distress or chill dim age.

VIII

“Deeper draughts of pleasure’s cup,
Draw but deeper bitters up.

There are none so blest as they,
Who pleasure lightliest tasting,
And homeward swiftest hasting,
Go the first to rest away.

Where are the Patriots who brandished their arms,
To guard their dear country from warlike alarms?
They rest in their graves on the bed of repose,
But their country is torn by her merciless foes.
Oh! weep for the heroes who lived not to save
The land of their birth from venality’s grave
Perish the gold and accursed be the day
That discovered a villain so black, to betray
Who could blast the fair name of so spotless a one,
She had but her virtue to guard her alone.

London, June, 1820.

TO A YOUNG POET.

Would’st thou fond youth assume the sacred name,
And woo with vain desire the sister train?
Forbear: lest sad repulse and purpled shame,
Thy infant laurels immaturely stain.

The fair Calliope since the birth of time,
 Scarce thrice, has deign'd to hear the poet's prayer,
 And may'st thou rove in fancy's fairy clime,
 Or borne on airy wing sublimely dare?

Ah no! mount not Medusa's fiery steed,
 Lest he, who bears the shafts and silver bow,
 Descending in his wrath, avenge the deed,
 And lay the hapless poetaster low.

Nor think with Satyrs and the laughing God,
 Thy oaten pipe to tune for shepherd swains;
 Long time, *he* left the green Arcadian sod,
They list not now to Poet's idle strains.

E'en Comus bids thee from his revels part,
 And fain would think thee not a merry wight,
 And should'st thou tempt the moralizer's art,
 Would any heed what fiction's children write?

Give then thy heart to wisdom's blue eyed maid,
 Nor aim too soon, to wing thy flight on high,
 Lest, like an eaglet from the nest ill-stray'd,
 Unfledged, thou fall and fainting early die.

TO LUCY——.

She who loved in her youth's sweet spring,
 And sorrowed o'er a widowed bier,
 True to another's heart may cling,
 And hear its vows with feeling ear.

But never can her bosom burn,
 With such exalted love again;
 Not if she leave the tear dew'd urn,

A widow's for a lover's pain.

There is a heart that pants for hers,
A heart that's rich in virtue's love,
Which never strayed, as truth avers,
In Bacchic or in Paphion grove.

Oh! could she soon her tears forget,
And bind her own to that heart's fate,
Her love might bloom and flourish yet,
With bliss and beauty renovate.

The winds may rage, the waves may swell,
That constant heart will never fail,
There, honor, truth and virtue dwell,
Though passions rave, 'twill never quail!

THE WANDERER.

From country to country I roam,
An exile from all that is dear;
This wide world my comfortless home,
And my kindred the stranger near.

The friend of my bosom is dead,
The maid that my fancy adores,
To the far land of spirits is fled,
And no one my sorrow deplores.

My parents in silence repose;
My brothers and sisters are gone;
My journey of life I must close,
But sadly and coldly alone.

The thoughts of my youth were refined
By candor, and virtue, and love,

I revere with sensitive mind,
The being who rules us above.

The path, by my weary steps trod,
Through cruel and savage men lies,
They heed not the precepts of God,
And justice and honor despise.

My truth unsuspecting is made
A pitiless prey to deceit;
Its goodness by false friends betray'd,
My kind heart's a snare to my feet.

Yet ne'er shall my spirit complain,
While woman is feeling and kind;
Her voice is so soothing to pain,
So sweet to the suffering mind.

Death's awful and much dreaded blow,
To me, would be mercy's sweet grace,
Better not be lonely below,
Than linger the last of my race.

ON READING A TRAGEDY.

I thought not such unreal woe,
However sad the thrilling strain,
Could touch my heart, could move me so,
To weep at others' fancied pain!
Soft as the purling streamlet's flow,
Descend the drops of tragic woe.

Sweet Melpomene's thy measure,
To the tender hefted mind,

Thine the heartinspiring treasure,
No churlish soul may hope to find!
Pleasure's grief, and grief is pleasure,
In thy softly pleasing measure.

'Twas fable once that Orpheus' lay
Moved the tyrant's stony heart,
Lead rivers from their banks astray,
And that beasts confest his art.
That unbelief has passed away,
Since I have heard thy tragic lay.

TO LUCY.

Dans le bonheur d'autrui je cherche mon bonheur:
Le cid de Corneille.

Oh! could I learn to love thee less,
Or bear another's gentle sway;
How gladly would I not address
The heart which I must still obey.
I love but one,
'Tis thee, still thee,
But yet that one
Will ne'er love me.

Oh! could I die to break the charm,
That binds my simple heart to thine,
I'd long to die, lest breath of harm
Should flow from any wish of mine.
I love but one &c.

Oh! could another's joy not part!
My hopes of happiness from thine,
How would I clasp him to my heart,
And twine his wedding bliss with mine.
I love &c.

But since I cannot love thee less,
Oh grant me still this one desire,
That none thy treasure may possess,
Unless his breast feel honor's fire.
I love &c.

Oh! none can compass all thy worth,
Thy sweetness, grace, intelligence,
Virtues with which God decked thy birth,
The jewels of thine excellence.
I love &c.

Devoted object of his care,
Amid sweet nature's lovely things,
She made thee fairest of her fair,
In beauty's bright imaginings.
I love &c.

If one slight glance of thine betray
The erring sense of gazing youth,
Another and a brighter ray,
Leads back to virtue and to truth.
I love &c.

Thus fire gives gold a brighter gloss,
But tarnishes impure alloy;
And disappointment's trial cross

Chastens the lover's sensual joy.
I love & c

None but the noble and the best
Should revel in thy dear caress;
None will deserve to be more blest,
Than the one, whom thou shalt bless.
I love &c.

Who e'er he be, he may not take
From me the love I bear to thee,
For never can my heart forsake
Thy heart altho' it love not me.
I love &c.

I cannot love but one alone,
That only one sweet maid art thou;
I would not have my love be known,
And yet I'd have thee love me now.
I love but one,
'Tis thee, still thee,
But yet that one
Will ne'er love me.

THE FLOWER OF LIFE.

* * * * *

How short is the date of the flower,
That blooms in mortality's bower!
Its cup is closed, its stem is dying;
Too soon, alas! 'twill fade away,
'Twill wither where no zephyr sighing
Allays the sun's too ardent ray;
For passion rules the burning day.

* * * * *

A POET'S EXCUSE.

As children oft o'er verdant meadows stray,
Along the vale, or climb the sunny hill,
To cull the flowers that deck th' enameled way,
Then, throw them down to gather brighter still,

So, I have wandered by Castalia's stream;
And, gaily oft, the pleasing song begun;
And then, as oft, pursued some happier theme,
And left, at last, the stated task undone.

'Tis thus, the busy crowd, who pass through life
Resolve, each moment, on their future bliss:
Yet, linger in the paths of care and strife,
And thus, at last, the way for ever miss

A POET TO HIMSELF.

Does Phoebus with poetic fire,
Inflame my breast, my muse inspire?
Or Fauns, and Nymphs and shepherd queens,
My fancy bless with sylvan scenes?

No! Sweet illusion, 'tis not mine,
To soar on epic wing divine,
To woo the Naiad of the stream,
Or, in the vale of Hemus dream.

Or, sport with Pan, and raise the song,
Arcadia's verdant hills among;

Far humbler views must sway my heart,
To moralize is my best art.

The most, if Comus bless my strain,
My Muse exults in jocund vein,
And feebly makes a short essay,
To mimic wit as critics say.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

(TO URSULA.)

“Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

I

Sweet Lily of the valley,
Pale, but chaste and fair,
Hanging thy bells to dally
In the virgin air;
And shed their sweet caresses
In the silent shade,
Where robed in brighter dresses,
Gayer flowers fade.

II

If crimson blushes never
Tinge thy pure white cup,
No cruel sunshine ever
Dries its sweetness up;
Oh! never could'st thou flourish,
Lowly modest flower,

Among the rays that nourish
Folly's painted bower.

III

The lovely maid thus neatly,
To her bosom prest,
Wears with a grace as sweetly,
Modesty's pure vest.
Where follies all excluded,
From her native dale,
Dwell all sweet charms secluded,
In their virgin veil.

IV

If many lovers vanish,
Seeking light one's mirth,
Her coyness will not banish
Those of real worth.
Her heart could never cherish
Heart that loves to rove;
But sad and chill would perish
Where it could not love.

V

Thus may thy Poet lonely,
Live to fame unknown;
Or share that glory only,
Which is like thine own.
May simple merit cover,
With her silent shade,
Thy bard, who is no lover
Of the world's parade.

TO MARY.....

What! is she wedded? False deceiver!
My first, my last love dream is over,
She knew alas! her fond believer
Would hide her frailty like a lover.

I would I'd loved her like a brother,
That I might feel a brother's gladness,
To see her wedded to another;
But now I feel a lover's madness.

How she with 'witching charms amused me,
Steeping my senses in delusion,
Woo'd me with looks, with sighs abused me,
And triumph'd in my sad confusion.

How could that heart so pure, so holy,
Which no suspicion ever shaded,
Have stooped so basely and so lowly,
To deception so degraded.

She's not the girl, that wedded newly;
Than her true heart, no heart was truer;
My Mary's faith was plighted truly,
The wedded one I never knew her.

THE PAGES OF LIFE.

I

Oh the page of this life may be dark,
And characters dark there appear,
If we read it by sorrow's dull spark,
With eyes that are dimm'd by a tear.

It is grief that our weak spirit drowns,
No dear friend to brighten its glee,
Like the dismal horizon that frowns,
On a sunless and stormy sea.

It is not, that joys fountains are scant,
Nor solely on mountains they rise;
It is we, who for absent joys pant,
And springs of the valley despise.

'Tis that gloominess hides from the mind,
The scenes which hope colored there;
And the blank is too rashly consigned
To the hand of dull niggard care.

Let fresh draughts enliven life's blank,
From beauty's and joy's pleasing cup,
If the chains of mortality clank,
Make friendship and love hold them up.

If no blossoms of life blush around,
If no tree hangs burthened with fruit,
There are bushes where cool shade is found,
Their green will our spirits recruit.

And even in Autumn's dull stage,
When hours of enjoyment are brief,
Some pleasure may still tint the page,
With the crimson and gold of the leaf.

Oh! the page of this life may be dark,
And characters dark there appear,
If we read it by sorrow's dull spark,

With eyes that are dimm'd by a tear.

II

Oh! the page of this life may be bright,
And characters bright there appear;
If we read it by reason's true light,
With eyes that are piercing and clear.

It is not that this world is too bleak,
Or its evils too sad, or too long;
It is man, that's inconstant and weak,
His wishes too ardent and strong.

'Tis that heaven has sprinkled with joy,
The functions that nourish our dust;
And our senses now kindle, now cloy,
With feelings of want or disgust.

'Tis the joy-loving, bliss-seeking soul,
That chases the gleam of delight,
Too forgetful of reason's control,
Like moth chasing meteor at night.

For she sips on life's desert the dew,
Forgetting the bright crystal spring;
But the drops of the desert are few,
And they to the bitter soil cling.

Better leave the scant drops on the soil,
Thirst on o'er the woe beaten waste;
And not drink them, till reason, our toil
Reward with the water-spring's taste.

He is wisest, who uses things right,
Who takes from the dew-drop a kiss;
And cheer'd by its sweet smiling light,
Hastes onto the water-spring's bliss.

Oh! the page of this life may be bright,
And characters bright there appear!
If we read it by reason's true light,
With eyes that are sparkling and clear.

TO EDWARD ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

1

It is my Edwards' natal day,
Every joy to him belong!
An early friend, tho' far away,
Cheerly sings his birthday song.

2

The winged arrow leaves no trace;
Parted ether joins again;
But not the brittle moulded vase,
When 'tis broken once in twain.

3

'Tis thus the purer union lasts;
Edward thine's too pure to die!
No virtuous friendship absence blasts,
Formed in guileless infancy.

4

The lovely tint that paints the sky,
Ere the morning sun is seen;

Is wont to drink a brighter dye,
When he gilds the dewy green.

5

With virtue's fair and holy hue,
Thus thy youth my Edward shone,
And now is changed to brighter too,
By the beams of manhood's sun.

6

And as the ruddy tint declares,
Day shall set with splendor crown'd,
Edward may thy later years,
Shed a lasting lustre 'round!

7

On thy propitious natal day,
Happy friends shall hail thy star;
And pledge thy years to pass away,
Borne on Fortune's splendid car.

8

Oh! may'st thou 'scape the Syren's shore;
Sip no Circe's poison'd bowl!
But sympathetic pleasure pour
Magic streams upon thy soul!

9

And as the tender eglantine
Clasps the noblest of the grove;
Thy manliness may beauty twine,
Blessing, blest in purest love!

10

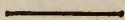
Bright like the ever verdant flower,
Edward may thy life be here,
That blooms in Hebe's fragrant bower,
Sweetly breathing balmy air!

11

And may its blossoms thrive unharm'd
Till the mellow fruit be cull'd!
And be the blighting spirit charm'd
And the wasting tempest lulled!

12

Oh! never from thy noble heart
Banish our sweet friendship's spell,
His duty keeps thy friend apart,
Not forgetting—Fare thee well!



ON EDWARD'S DEATH.

On oi theoi philousin apothnesker neos.
The ripest fruit falls first.

His life is gone, his course is run.
His bloom of youth has pass'd away—
A rose blush faded in the sun,
A dew drop vanished from the day.
Oh! what can love or tears avail?
My sorrow cannot life recall,
'Tis vain to weep or sigh or wail—
The great, the good, the brave must fall!

EDWARDS EPITAPH.

Exalted goodness nobly dies,
Call'd by a brother's suffering cries:
The youthful brave in death rejoice,
Call'd by thy their country's warlike voice:
The man of years his course must close,
When nature calls him to repose:
But why did Edward's soul take wing?
His worth was ripe in youth's sweet spring.

LITTLE WILLIAM'S DEAD.

Weep, lovely sisters, weep
O'er little William's bier,
Not for his silent sleep,
But for your exile here.

He seem'd no mortal child,
But cherub strayed from heaven;
So fair, so sweet, so mild,
To banish sorrow given.

His smile was soothing balm,
His kiss a holy charm,
A Father's grief to calm,
A widow's heart to warm,

Like snow drop in the spring,
On earth's pure mantle laid,
Too early come to bring,
The bloom of joy and fade.

Or nipp'd in beauty's birth,
Like rose bud on its stem,
That promised once to earth
Her brightest, purest gem.

Oh! Sisters, weep no more,
O'er happy William's bed;
Sad are the tears you pour,
Now little William's dead!

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ITALIAN

FIDELITY.

(TO JULIA.)

I

By the brink of a fountain,
Where soft zephyrs blew,
On the brow of a mountain,
A violet grew,
Expanding to view,
Its petals of blue.

II

On a mountain thus cheering,
Was I cradled too,
And I watched o'er the 'peering,
Of Love's glances true,
From eyes of like blue,
In the pure child I knew.

III

But the violet never,
Tho' gemm'd with the dew,
Can yet, rival for ever,
Those weeping eyes' hue,
Whence dear regard drew,
The tear drops not few.

IV

When I parted first leaving,
The hill where I grew,
And beheld her deep grieving,
For anguish, I knew
Her crushed heart must rue,
In bidding adieu.

V

When the light is first breaking,
To comfort anew,
The lone earth that's awaking,
To the sun's warm view,
No more drops of dew,
Dim the violet's hue.

VI

But Jul'a lamenting
The day I withdrew,
With vows unrelenting,
To heaven's bright blue,
Continues to sue,
Still faithful and true.

POEMS.
Raleigh

I am sailing on a sea,
That will never pity me,
 Without a sail,
 Without a helm,
The winds assail,
 The waves o'erwhelm,
And the black clouds gather so drear.
 Ah! small is my skill,
 And against my will,
I must go where fortune may veer.
 When my friends all depart,
 Innocence only
By my comfortless heart,
 Will stay so lonely,
And stand on the deck,
To guide me to wreck.

The drop that abandons the main,
To sprinkle the hills and the plain,
 A prisoner goes,
 In the fountain's source,
A passenger flows,
 In the river's course.

Murmuring ever,
 'Twill in sorrow complain,
Reposing never,
 'Till returned to the main;

Whence its birth we discover,
 Whence its waters arose,
Where, its wanderings over,
 There it hopes to repose.

I

The billows that roll
From poll to poll,
The breezes that play
From spray to spray,
Are fickle less
Than woman's love.

II

Yet simpleton souls
Whom love controls,
For woman in vain
Sigh and complain,
Nor hope the less
True woman's love.

I

My love forget you not,
When death shall be my lot,
How my heart was faithful and true,
In loving only you.

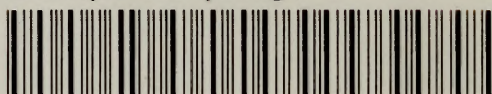
II

My ashes, if the dead
Can love in their chill bed,
Shall still in the tomb e'en be true,
In loving only you.

Whether the placid deep
Fawn on the shore,
Or its swelling waves sweep
With frightful roar,
Is a crime not assign'd
To the sea but the wind.

GC 811.3 H325a

Hart, Alban J.
Attempts at rhyming /



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